

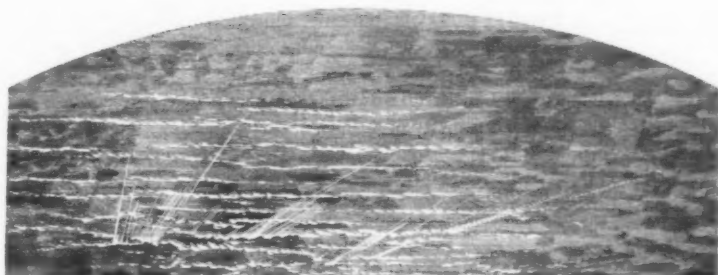
ST. NICHOLAS.

VOL. XVIII.

MAY, 1891.

No. 7.

Copyright, 1891, by THE CENTURY CO. All rights reserved.



MORNING.

BY EMILY DICKINSON.

WILL there really be a morning ?
Is there such a thing as day ?
Could I see it from the mountains
If I were as tall as they ?

Has it feet like water-lilies ?
Has it feathers like a bird ?
Is it brought from famous countries
Of which I have never heard ?

Oh, some scholar ! Oh, some sailor !
Oh, some wise man from the skies !
Please to tell a little pilgrim
Where the place called morning lies !



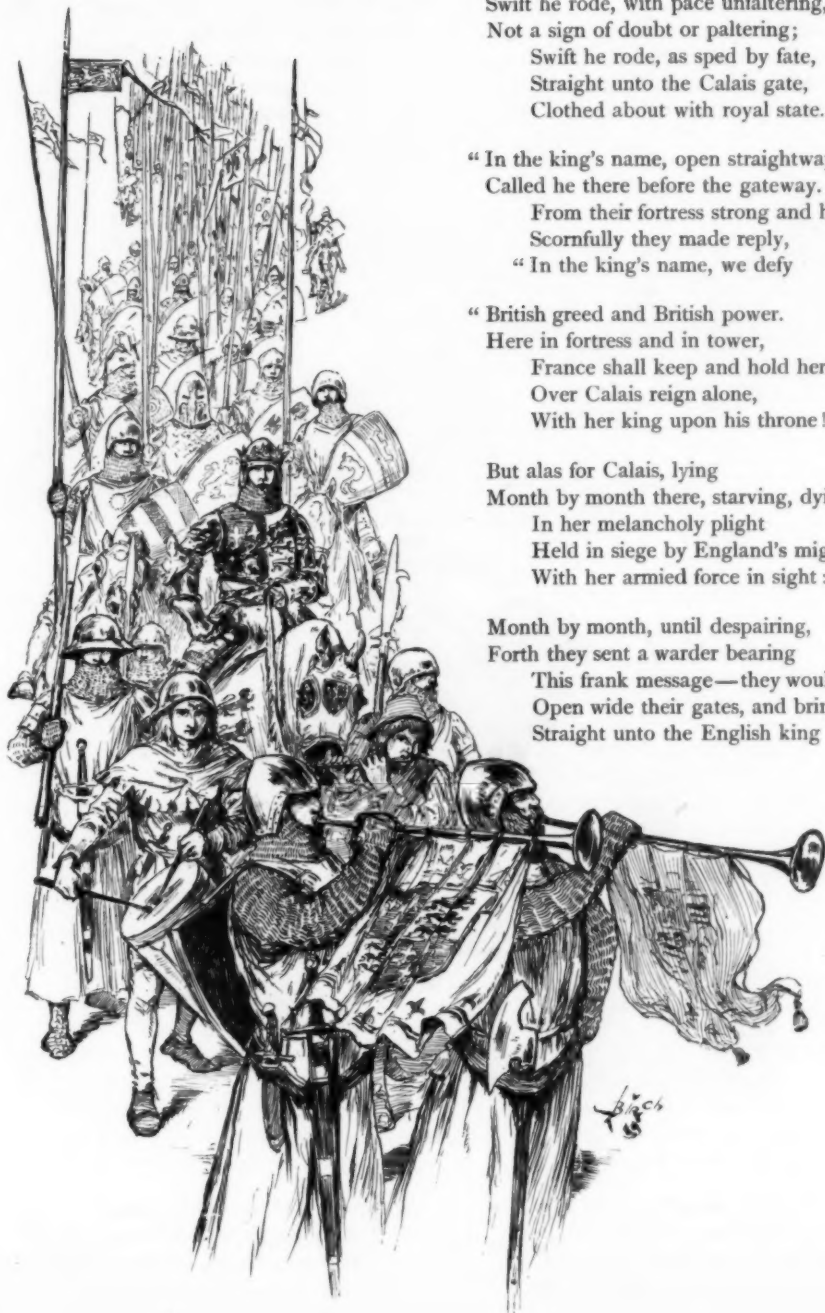
TWENTY trumpets, blowing, blowing,
Fifers playing, drums a-going,
Bugles calling to the fray,
When King Edward took his way
To the city of Calais.

Down he rode with banners streaming,
Sabers shining, lances gleaming,
Down he rode, the kingly head
Of the glittering line he led,
Rode into the sunset red,

Westward, where in bold defying
Fifty Calais flags were flying.
Watching from the turret heights
Laughed aloud the Calais knights,
Soldiers known in famous fights.

As they laughed, still near and nearer
Rode the king, and clear and clearer
Just beyond the guarded moat
Trumpet-call and bugle-note
On the evening air did float.

Then, with splendid pennons streaming,
Golden lions and lilies gleaming
On the royal standards there,
Forth there rode a herald fair
With a confident bold air.



Swift he rode, with pace unfaltering,
Not a sign of doubt or paltering;
Swift he rode, as sped by fate,
Straight unto the Calais gate,
Clothed about with royal state.

"In the king's name, open straightway!"
Called he there before the gateway.

From their fortress strong and high,
Scornfully they made reply,

"In the king's name, we defy

"British greed and British power.
Here in fortress and in tower,
France shall keep and hold her own,
Over Calais reign alone,
With her king upon his throne!"

But alas for Calais, lying
Month by month there, starving, dying,
In her melancholy plight
Held in siege by England's might
With her armed force in sight:

Month by month, until despairing,
Forth they sent a warder bearing
This frank message—they would fling
Open wide their gates, and bring
Straight unto the English king

The keys of Calais, if in pity
 He would pass from out the city
 All the people young and old—
 Nobles, merchants, soldiers bold,
 All the populace, full told.

"To the English crown shall render
 Unconditional surrender,
 Shall be subject unto me,
 Or for ransom or for fee,
 Ere the siege shall lifted be!"



"IN THE KING'S NAME, OPEN STRAIGHTWAY!"

Hot with wrath, the king made answer,—
 "Tell your lords that every man, sir,
 All the people young and old,
 Nobles, merchants, soldiers bold,
 All the populace, full told,

When returned the Calais warder
 With this message, flushed with ardor,
 With their French blood mounting high,
 Swift the lords did make reply,
 "Tell the king that we can die!"



"HELD IN SIEGE BY ENGLAND'S MIGHT."

"Bravely starve without his pity
Shut within our guarded city,
But to turn so late, so late,
Cowards at the very gate—
Send unto this blindfold fate

"Comrades who have starved together,
Through a twelvemonth's varied weather;
Shall a Frenchman stoop so low,
Yield like this unto a foe,
Faithless, heartless? No,—ah, no!"

Stirred with something like relenting
At this courage, half repenting
Of his tyrannous decree,
Edward cried impatiently,
"Tell these Frenchmen now from me,

"If as ransom they will straightway
Send me by the city gateway
Six chief merchants of the town,
Citizens of high renown,
Swift my herald shall ride down

"Into Calais, and proclaim there
Peace and pardon in my name there;
Peace and pardon full and fain,
Unto those who do remain
Subject to my sovereign reign."

"Never! never!" rose the bitter
Cry of Calais. "It were fitter
We should die together here
Than to buy our lives so dear!"
But at this, a voice rose clear,

Saying, "Friends, it were a pity
Thus to doom to death a city;
Are there not at this sore need
Men of high renown and deed
Who will follow where I lead?"

Then forth stept with gallant bearing
Six brave men whose noble daring
Was to save the city there
From the doom of slow despair:
Forth they stept while sob and prayer

Broke the cheers that were ascending
In a pitiful strange blending;
For alas!—what cruel fate
Lurked behind that iron gate
Where King Edward held his state!

Hopeless then of English pity,
Forth they went from out the city,
Bare of foot and bare of head,
And by halters meanly led,
As the king had grimly said.

When before him in this fashion,
 They were brought, with sudden passion
 Loud he thundered, "Let them die!"
 Then arose a tender cry:
 "O my liege, my lord, put by

"In this hour war's cruel measure!
 Calais yields her life and treasure
 To your mercy, O my king!
 Give her then unreckoning
 Mercy that befits a king."

In a moment's breathless span there,
 Joyfully from man to man there
 Ran the whisper low yet keen,
 "T is Philippa; 't is the queen!"
 Startled from his warlike mien,

Flushed King Edward as he listened,
 As he saw the eyes that glistened.
 Then, with voice that vainly tried
 To be fierce with wrath and pride,
 "Dame, my dame!" he sharply cried.

But, before him straightway kneeling,
 Spake the Queen in soft appealing:
 "For my sake!" she sweetly said,
 Lifting up her drooping head,
 In her face both love and dread.

For her sake! The stern lips parted;
 There he stood, this lion-hearted
 Soldier, conqueror, and king,
 For her sake considering
 Mercy that befits a king!



"THEN FORTH STEPT WITH GALLANT BEARING SIX BRAVE MEN."



"BUT BEFORE HIM STRAIGHTWAY KNEELING,
SPAKE THE QUEEN IN SOFT APPEALING."

For her sake! Yet, when assenting
Turned he there with swift relenting,
Who that looked upon his face,
Merciful with pardoning grace,
Failed the glad relief to trace?

So at last the grand old story
Ends in conquered Calais' glory;
For not Edward's might and skill,
Nor Philippa's gracious will,
Through the centuries doth thrill,

But that deed so great and tender,
Where in noble self-surrender
Six brave men in solemn state
Passed beyond that iron gate,
Halter led, to meet their fate!



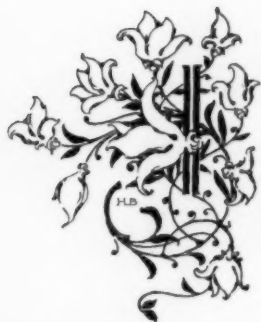


THE BIRTHDAY CUP.

THE LAND OF PLUCK.

SECOND PAPER.

BY MARY MAPES DODGE.



now known as Holland; and in one form or another, the contest has been going on nearly ever since. Why any should have wanted it is a mystery to me. It was then only a low tract of spongy marsh, a network of queer rivers that seemed

N the old, old time, when many who now are called the heroes of antiquity were cutting their baby-teeth, men commenced quarreling for the possession of the country which is

never to know where they belonged, but insisted every spring upon paying unwelcome visits to the inland—hiding here, running into each other there, and falling asleep in pleasant places. It was a great land-and-water kaleidoscope, girt about with a rim of gloomy forest; or a sort of dissected puzzle, with half of the pieces in soak; and its owners were a scanty, savage, fish-eating tribe, living, like beavers, on mounds of their own raising.

What could have been the attraction? What, indeed, unless it were the same feeling that often makes a small boy holding either a kaleidoscope, or a puzzle, an object of persecution to all the big boys around him.

"Let *me* take a look!" they cry; "I want *my* turn"; or, "Give *me* the puzzle! Let's see what I can make out of it!"

You know how it is too apt to be. First, their attention is arrested by seeing the small boy peculiarly happy and absorbed. They begin to nudge, then to bully him. Small boy shakes his head and tries to enjoy himself in peace and quietness. Bullying increases—the nudges become dangerous. In despair he soon gives in, or, rather, gives up, and the big boys slide into easy possession.

But suppose the small boy is plucky, and will not give up? Suppose he would see the puzzle crushed to atoms first? Suppose only positive big-boy power can overcome his as positive resistance? What then?

So commenced the history of Holland.

The first who held possession of Dutch soil—not the first who ever had lived upon it, but the first who had persistently enjoyed the kaleidoscope, and busied themselves with the puzzle—were a branch of the great German race. Driven by circumstances from their old home, they had settled upon an empty island in the river Rhine, which, you know, after leaving its pleasant southern country, straggles through Holland in a bewildered search for the sea. This island they called Betauw, or "Good Meadow," and so, in time, themselves came to be called Batavii, or Batavians.

Other portions of the country were held by various tribes living upon and beyond a great tract of land which afterward, in true Holland style, was turned into a sea.* Most of these tribes were sturdy and brave, but the Batavii were braver than any. Fierce, stanch, and defiant, they taught even their little children only the law of might; and their children grew up to be mightier than they. The blessed Teacher had not yet brought the world his lesson of mercy and love. "Conquer one another" had stronger claims to their consideration than "Love one another."

Their votes in council were given by the clashing of arms; and often their wives and mothers stood by with shouts and cries of encouragement wherever the fight was thickest.

"Others go to battle," said the historian Tacitus; "these go to war."

Soon the all-conquering Romans, who, with Julius Caesar at their head, had trampled surrounding nations into subjection, discovered that the Batavii were not to be vanquished—that their friendship was worth far more than the wretched country they inhabited. An alliance was soon formed, and the Batavii were declared to be exempt from the annual tax or tribute which all others were forced to pay to the Romans. Caesar himself was not ashamed to extol their skill in arms, nor to send their already famous warriors to fight his battles and strike terror to the hearts of his foes.

The Batavian cavalry could swim across wide and deep rivers without breaking their ranks, and their infantry were excelled by none in drill, in archery, and wonderful powers of endurance. They had fought too long with the elements in holding their "Good Meadow" to be dismayed in battle by any amount of danger and fatigue.

The Romans called them "friends," but the Batavians soon discovered that they were being used merely as a cat's-paw. After a while, as cat's-paws will, they turned and scratched. A contest, stubborn and tedious, between the Romans and Batavians followed. At length both parties were glad to make terms of peace, which prevailed, with few interruptions, until the decline of the Roman Empire.

After that, hordes of barbarians overran Europe; and Holland, with the rest, had a hard time of it. Man to man, the Batavian could hold his own against any mortal foe, but he was not always proof against numbers. The "Good Meadow," grown larger and more valuable, was conquered and held in turn by several of the "big boys" among the savage tribes, but not until Batavian pluck stood recorded in many a fearful tale passed from father to son.

Later, each of the surrounding nations, as it grew more powerful, tried to wrest Holland from the holders of her soil. Some succeeded, some failed; but always, and every time, the Dutch gathered their strength for the contest and went not to battle, but to war. As, in later

* The Zuyder Zee, formed by successive inundations during the thirteenth century. In the last of these inundations—in 1287—nearly eighty thousand persons were drowned.

history, the Russians burnt Moscow to prevent it from falling into the hands of Napoleon, so this stanch people always stood ready, at the worst, to drown Holland rather than yield her to the foe. Often they let in the waters they had so laboriously shut out, laying waste hun-

were sure, sooner or later, to arouse Dutch pluck; and Dutch pluck, in the end, has always beaten.

And so, though Roman, Saxon, Austrian, Spaniard, Belgian, Englishman, and Frenchman in turn flourished a scepter over them,



BATAVIANS IN COUNCIL.—"DEATH TO THE INVADER!"

dreds of fertile acres, that an avenging sea might suddenly confound the invaders. Often they faced famine and pestilence, men, women, and little wonder-stricken children perishing in the streets of their beleaguered cities—all who had breath to say it, still fiercely refusing to surrender. Wherever the strong arm of the enemy succeeded in mowing these people down, a stronger, sturdier growth was sure to spring from the stubble. Sometimes defeated, never subdued, they were patient under subjection only until they were again ready to rise as one man and throw off the yoke. Now and then, it is true, under promise of peace and increased prosperity, they formed a friendly union with a one-time enemy. But woe to the other side if it carried aggression and a trust in might too far. Treachery, oppression, breach of faith

it comes, after all, to be true, that only "the Dutch have really taken Holland." It is theirs by every right of inheritance and strife—theirs to hold, to drain, and to pump, for ever and ever. They wrested it from the sea, not in a day, but through long years of patient toil, through dreary years of suffering and sorrow. They have counted their dead, in their war with the ocean alone, by hundreds of thousands. Industry, hardihood, and thrift have been their allies in a better sense than their old Batavian forces were allied to the haughty Cæsar.

For ages, it seems, Holland could not have known a leisure moment. Frugal, hardy, painstaking, and persevering, her spirit was ever equal to great enterprises. With them every difficulty was a challenge. Obstacles that would have discouraged others, inspired the

Dutch with increased energy. Their land was only a marsh threatened by the sea. What of that? So much the more need of labor and skill to make it a hailing-place among nations. It was barren and bleak. "Why, then," said they, "so much the more need we should become masters in tilling the soil." It was a very little place, scarcely worth giving a name on the maps. "So much the more need," said plucky Holland, "that we extend our possessions, own lands in every corner of the earth, and send our ships far and near, until every nation shall unconsciously pay us tribute."

"Such is the industry of the people and the trade they drive," said a writer of the sixteenth century, "that, having little or no corn of their own growth, they do provide themselves elsewhere, not only sufficient for their own spending, but wherewith to supply their neighbors. Having no timber of their own, they spend more timber in building ships and fencing their water-courses than any country in the world. . . . And finally, having neither flax nor wool, they make more cloth of both sorts than in all the countries of the world, except France and England."

Of some things they soon began to have a surplus. There was not half, nor a quarter enough persons in frugal Holland to drink all the milk of their herds. Forthwith Dutch butter and cheese came to be sent all over Christendom. The herring-fisheries were enormous. More fish came to their nets than would satisfy every man, woman, and child in Holland. England had enough herring of her own. Ships were too slow in those days to make fresh fish a desirable article of export. Here was trouble! Not so. Up rose a Dutchman named William Beukles, and invented the curing and pickling of herring. From that hour the fish trade made Holland richer and more prosperous than ever. A monument was raised to the memory of Beukles, for was he not a national benefactor?

The Dutch delight in honoring their heroes, their statesmen, and inventors. You cannot be long among them without hearing of one Laurens Janzoon Koster, to whom, they insist, the world owes the art of printing with movable types—the most important of human inventions.

Their cities are rich in memorials and monuments of those whose wisdom and skill have proved a boon to mankind. All along the paths of human progress we can find Dutch footprints. In education, science, and political economy, they have, many a time, led the way.

The boys and girls of Holland are citizens in a high sense of the word. They soon learn to love their country, and to recognize the fatherly care of its government. A sense of common danger, of the necessity of all acting together in common defense, has served to knit the affections of the people. In truth it may be said, for history has proved it, that in every Dutch arm you can feel the pulse of Holland. Throughout her early struggles, in the palmy, glorious days of the republic, as well as now in her cautious constitutional monarchy, the Dutch have been patriots—mistaken and short-sighted at times, but always true to their beloved "Good Meadow." Hollow-land, Low-land, or Nether-land, whatever men may call it, their country stands high in their hearts. They love it with more than the love of a mountaineer for his native hills.

To be sure there have been riots and outbreaks there, as in all other thickly settled parts of the world—perhaps more than elsewhere, for Dutch indignation, though slow in kindling, makes a prodigious blaze when once fairly afire. Some of these disturbances have arisen only after a long endurance of serious wrongs; and some seem to have been started at once by that queer friction-match in human nature, which, if left unguarded, is sure to be nibbled at, and so ignited, by the first little mouse of discontent that finds it.

There was a curious origin to one of these domestic quarrels. On a certain occasion a banquet was given, at which were present two noted Dutch noblemen, rivals in power, who had several old grudges to settle. The conversation turning on the codfishery, one of the two remarked upon the manner in which the hook (*hook*) took the codfish, or *kabbeljaauw*, as the Dutch call it.

"The hook take the codfish!" exclaimed the other in no very civil tone; "it would be better sense to say that the codfish takes the hook."

The grim jest was taken up in bitter earnest.



THE ORIGIN OF THE CODFISH WAR. "THE GRIM JEST WAS TAKEN UP IN BITTER EARNEST."

High words passed, and the chieftains rose from the table enemies for life.

They proceeded to organize war against each other; a bitter war it proved to Holland, for it lasted one hundred and fifty years, and was fought out with all the stubbornness of family feuds. The opposing parties took the names of "hoeks" and "kabbeljaauws," and men of all classes enlisted in their respective ranks. In many instances fathers, brothers, sons, and old-time friends forgot their ties, and knew each other only as foes. The feud (being Dutch!) raged hotter and stronger in proportion as men had time coolly to consider the question. A thicket of mutual wrongs, real or imaginary, sprang up to further entangle the opposing parties; families were divided, miles of smiling country laid in ruin, and tens of thousands of men slain—for what?

Those who fought, and those who looked on, longing for peace, are alike silent now. History cannot quite clear up the mystery. I know how hard it must have been to settle the knotty question whether hooks or codfish can more properly be said to be "taken," and how dangerous the littlest thorns of anger and jealousy become if not plucked out at the onset. It is certain, too, that the hoeks and kabbeljaauws were terribly in earnest:

"But what they killed each other for
I never could make out."

The kabbeljaauws had one advantage. When a public dinner was given by their party, the first dish brought in by the seneschal (or steward) was a huge plate of codfish elaborately decorated with flowers; something not ornamental only, but substantial and satisfactory; while the corresponding dish at a hoek festival contained nothing but a gigantic hook encircled by a flowery wreath.

All through Dutch history you will find quaint words and phrases that have a terrible record folded within their quaintness. The Casenbrotspel, or Bread and Cheese war, was not funny when it came to blight the last ten years of the fifteenth century, though it sounds so lightly now. And the Gueux, or "Beggars," who, nearly a century later, come forth on the blood-stained page, were something more than beggars, as King Philip and the wicked Duke of Alva found to their cost.

Ah, those Beggars! Watch for them when you read Dutch history. They will soon appear, with their wallets and wooden bowls, their doublets of ashen gray,—brave, reckless, desperate men, whose deeds struck terror over land and sea. When once they come in sight, turn as you may, you will meet them; you will hear their wild cry, "Long live the Beggars!" ringing amid the blaze and carnage of many a terrible day. There are princes and nobles among them. They will grow bolder and fiercer, more reckless

and desperate, until their country's persecutor, Philip of Spain, has withdrawn the last man of all his butchering hosts from their soil; until the Duke of Alva, one of the blackest characters in all history, has cowered before the wrath of Holland!

Ah! my light-hearted boys and girls, if there were not lessons to be learned from these things, it would be well to blot them from human memory. But would it be well to forget the heroism, the majestic patience, the trust in God, that shine forth resplendent from these darkest pages of Dutch history? Can we afford to lose such examples of human grandeur under suffering as come to us from the beleaguered cities of Naarden, Haarlem, and Leyden? When you learn their stories, if you do not know them already, you will understand Dutch pluck in all its fullness, and be glad that, in the end, it proved victorious over every foe.

But, as you already have been told, it is not only amid the din of war that Holland has

due to the fact that their peculiar simplicity and love of quiet have proved a sort of standing invitation to make war upon them; possibly it is because of their great commercial enterprise, and their tempting stores; but, to my mind, their peculiarly far-seeing, though seemingly sleepy, way of looking at things has had much to do with their history.

The story of Dutch patriotism could be written out in symbols, or pictures, more eloquently than that of any other nation. There would be battleships and fortresses, shields, and arrows, and spears, and all the paraphernalia of war, ancient and modern. But beside these, and having a sterner significance, would be the tools and implements of artisans, the windmills, the dykes, the canals; the sluice-gates, the locks, the piles that hold up their cities. How much could be told by the great, white-sailed merchantmen bound for every sea; by the mammoth docks, and by the wonderful cargoes coming and going! How the great buildings



THE GUEUX, OR BEGGARS.

shown her pluck; nor is hers the boisterous, bragging quality that offends at every turn. A simpler, steadier, more peacefully inclined people it would be hard to find; but somehow they have an odd way of being actively concerned in the history of other nations. Possibly this is

would loom up, each telling its story — the factories, warehouses, schools, colleges, museums, legislative halls, the hospitals, asylums, and churches!

There would be more than these: there would be libraries, art-galleries, and holy places, bat-



"A FINE CATCH OF HERRING!"

tered and broken. There would be monuments terrible voices. There would be boats manned and relics, and church organs with sweet yet by rough heroes trying to save thousands of



A DUTCH WINDMILL.

drowning fellow-creatures whose homes had been swept away by the waves. We should see the noblest public parks of their time; gardens, too, wonderful in their blooming; and, over all, a picture of the bells, the carillons that for ages have sent down messages, more or less musical, upon the people.

Dutch pluck has sailed all over the world. It has put its stamp on commerce, science, and manufactures. It has set its seal on every quarter of the earth. Dutchmen were at home in Japan before either the Americans or English had dared to venture upon those inhospitable shores. There were great obstacles to encounter in any attempt at trading or becoming acquainted with that strange hermit of an empire in the east. She had enough of her own,

she said, and asked no favors of the outside barbarians. Would they be kind enough to stay away? Most of the world gave an unwilling assent; but Holland undertook to show Japan the folly of rejecting the benefits of commerce; and in time, and after many a hard struggle, succeeded in establishing a Japanese trade.

Talking of ships, where did that ship sail from that brought the good Fathers of New England safely across the sea? And, for months before, what country had sheltered them from the per-

round? Why, until very lately, did your fathers and uncles on the first day of January, from morning till night, pay visits from house to house, wishing the ladies a "Happy New Year"? Simply because these were Holland customs; they were following the example set by Dutch ancestors.

Hendrick Hudson, the first white man who explored our noble North River, was a Dutchman. He modestly called it De Groote (or the Great) river, little thinking that for all time after it would bear his own name, and that you



A FIRESIDE IN OLD NEW YORK.

secution that threatened them in their native land? Ask the books these questions, if need be, and ask yourselves whether to shelter the oppressed, to offer an asylum to hunted fugitives from every clime, is not a noble work for pluck to do.

Whence, too, did some of our New York oddities come? Why are you, little New Yorkers, so fond of waffles, krullers, and doughnuts, and New Year's cake? Dutch inventions every one of them. Why do you expectantly honor the good St. Nicholas, the patron saint of New York? Why is this city turned topsy-turvy in a general "moving" whenever the first of May comes

VOL. XVIII.—38.

would call it the Hudson. Staten (or States) Island was named by him in honor of his home government, the States General. Some say he called the dangerous passage between Long and Manhattan islands (which only five years ago yielded its most dangerous reef to the persuasions of science and dynamite), Helle Gat, or Beautiful Pass. Look at the names of many down-town streets of New York, once called New Amsterdam—The Bowery (Bouerie), Cortlandt, Vandam, Roosevelt, Stuyvesant, and scores of others all named after good Dutchmen. Not only New York, but Brooklyn, Albany, and other cities have streets that lead one directly into the

Netherlands, so to speak. Indeed, Dutch names lie sprinkled very thickly in every direction within a hundred miles of the Fifth Avenue.

It may not be out of place for the writer to allude here to a story of Dutch life which possibly is known to many readers of ST. NICHOLAS. It is the story of "Hans Brinker; or the Silver Skates." If that book has interested you, it will have only half done its work unless it also has aroused in you an admiration of the Dutch character and a desire to know more of Dutch history. To gain this knowledge, a boy or girl, old enough to pursue special studies by reading, cannot do better than to take up the works of our American author, John Lothrop Motley, the great historian of Holland. His "Rise of the Dutch Republic," and "The History of

the United Netherlands," are two of the manliest, most thorough, most eloquent works of history ever written.

Holland is stanch, true, and plucky, but it is Holland; and, lest you forget that it still is the oddest country in Christendom, I must tell you that within a few months a new king has succeeded to the throne of Holland—and this new king is a bright little girl barely eleven years of age! Yes, the High Council of Holland has solemnly decreed that in taking the oath of allegiance to the new sovereign the title "King" shall be used. On another page in this number of ST. NICHOLAS you will find a brief letter about the little lady and the career that lies before her; but why this little girl should be called King Wilhelmina no one but a Dutchman can tell.



THREE INTO ONE WON'T GO.

By Jessie B. McClure.

Little Tommy Gray has a very
empty pate,
Dearly loves to play,
but he hates his
book and slate:
He is puzzled now,
over what he
ought to know.
"Three into one won't
go!"

THE BOY SETTLERS.

BY NOAH BROOKS.

[*Begun in the November number.*]

CHAPTER XIV.

MORE HOUSE-BUILDING.

IT was an anxious and wondering household that Sandy burst in upon, next morning, when he had reached the cabin, escorted to the divide above Younkins's place by his kind-hearted host of the night before. It was Sunday morning, bright and beautiful; but truly never had any home looked so pleasant to his eyes as did the homely and weather-beaten log-cabin which they called their own while they lived in it. He had left his borrowed horse with its owner, and, shouldering his meal-sack with its dearly bought contents, he had taken a short cut to the cabin, avoiding the usual trail in order that as he approached he might not be seen from the window looking down the river.

"Oh, Sandy's all right," he heard his brother Charlie say. "I'll stake my life that he will come home with flying colors, if you only give him time. He's lost the trail somehow, and had to put up at some cabin all night. Don't you worry about Sandy."

"But these Indian stories; I don't like them," said his father, with a tinge of sadness in his voice.

Sandy could bear no more; so, flinging down his burden, he bounced into the cabin with, "Oh, I'm all right! Safe and sound, but as hungry as a bear."

The little party rushed to embrace the young adventurer, and, in their first flush of surprise, nobody remembered to be severe with him for his carelessness. Quite the hero of the hour, the lad sat on the table and told them his tale, how he had lost his way, and how hospitably and well he had been cared for at Fuller's.

"Fuller's!" exclaimed his uncle. "What in the world took you so far off your track as

Fuller's? You must have gone at least ten miles out of your way."

"Yes, Uncle Charlie," said the boy, "it's just as easy to travel ten miles out of the way as it is to go one. All you have to do is to get your face in the wrong way, and all the rest is easy. Just keep a-going; that's what I did. I turned to the right instead of to the left, and for once I found that the right was wrong."

A burst of laughter from Oscar, who had been opening the sack that held Sandy's purchases, interrupted the story.

"Just see what a hodgepodge of a mess Sandy has brought home! Tobacco, biscuits, ginger, and I don't know what not, all in a pudding. It only lacks milk and eggs to make it a cracker pudding flavored with ginger and smoking-tobacco!" And everybody joined in the laugh that a glance at Sandy's load called forth.

"Yes," said the blushing boy, "I forgot to tie the bag at both ends, and the jouncing up and down of Younkins's old horse (dear me! was n't he a hard trotter!) must have made a mash of everything in the bag. The paper of tobacco burst, and then I suppose the ginger followed; the jolting of poor old 'Dobbin' did the rest. Ruined, daddy? Nothing worth saving?"

Mr. Howell ruefully acknowledged that the mixture was not good to eat, nor yet to smoke, and certainly not to make gingerbread of. So, after picking out some of the larger pieces of the biscuits, the rest was thrown away, greatly to Sandy's mortification.

"All of my journey gone for nothing," he said with a sigh.

"Never mind, my boy," said his father, fondly; "since you have come back alive and well, let the rest of the business care for itself. As long as you are alive and the red-skins have not captured you, I am satisfied."

Such was Sandy's welcome home.

With the following Monday morning came hard work,—harder work, so Sandy thought, than miserably trying to find one's way in the darkness of a strange region of country. For another log-house, this time on the prairie claim, was to be begun at once. They might be called on at any time to give up the cabin in which they were simply tenants at will, and it was necessary that a house of some sort be put on the claim that they had staked out and planted. The corn was up and doing well. Sun and rain had contributed to hasten on the corn-field, and the vines of the melons were vigorously pushing their way up and down the hills of grain. Charlie wondered what they would do with so many watermelons when they ripened; there would be hundreds of them; and the mouths that were to eat them, although now watering for the delicious fruit, were not numerous enough to make away with a hundredth part of what would be ripe very soon. There was no market nearer than the post, and there were many melon-patches between Whittier's and the fort.

But the new log-house, taken hold of with energy, was soon built up to the height where the roof was to be put on. At this juncture, Younkens advised them to roof over the cabin slightly, make a corn-bin of it, and wait for developments. For, he argued, if there should be any rush of emigrants and settlers to that part of the country, so that their claims were in danger of dispute, they would have ample warning, and could make ready for an immediate occupation of the place. If nobody came, then the corn-house, or bin, would be all they wanted of the structure.

But Mr. Howell, who took the lead in all such matters, shook his head doubtfully. He was not in favor of evading the land laws; he was more afraid of the claim being jumped. If they were to come home from a hunting trip, some time, and find their log-cabin occupied by a "claim-jumper," or "squatter," as these interlopers were called, and their farm in the possession of strangers, would n't they feel cheap? He thought so.

"Say, Uncle Aleck," said Oscar, "why not finish it off as a cabin to live in, put in the corn when it ripens, and then we shall have the con-

cern as a dwelling, in case there is any danger of the claim being jumped?"

"Great head, Oscar," said his uncle admiringly. "That is the best notion yet. We will complete the cabin just as if we were to move into it, and if anybody who looks like an intending claim-jumper comes prowling around, we will take the alarm and move in. But so far, I'm sure, there has been no rush to these parts. It's past planting season, and it is not likely that anybody will get up this way, now so far west, without our knowing it."

So the log-cabin, or, as they called it, "Whittier, Number Two," was finished with all that the land laws required, with a window filled with panes of glass, a door, and a "stick chimney" built of sticks plastered with clay, a floor and space enough on the ground to take care of a family twice as large as theirs, in case of need. When all was done, they felt that they were now able to hold their farming claim as well as their timber claim, for on each was a goodly log-house, fit to live in and comfortable for the coming winter if they should make up their minds to live in the two cabins during that trying season.

The boys took great satisfaction in their kitchen-garden near the house in which they were tenants; for when Younkens lived there, he had plowed and spaded the patch, and planted it two seasons, so now it was an old piece of ground compared with the wild land that had just been broken up around it. In their garden-spot they had planted a variety of vegetables for the table, and in the glorious Kansas sunshine, watered by frequent showers, they were thriving wonderfully. They promised themselves much pleasure and profit from a garden that they would make by their new cabin, when another summer should come.

"Younkens says that he can walk all over his melon-patch on the other side of the Fork, stepping only on the melons and never touching the ground once," said Oscar, one day, later in the season, as they were feasting themselves on one of the delicious watermelons that now so plentifully dotted their own corn-field.

"What a big story!" exclaimed both of the other boys at once. But Oscar appealed to his father, who came striding by the edge of the

field where they chatted together. Had he ever heard of such a thing?

"Well," said Mr. Bryant, good-naturedly, "I have heard of melons so thick in a patch, and so big around, that the sunshine could n't get to the ground except at high noon. How is that for a tall story?"

The boys protested that that was only a tale of fancy. Could it be possible that anybody could raise melons so thickly together as Mr. Younkins had said he had seen them? Mr. Bryant, having kicked open a fine melon, took out the heart of it to refresh himself with, as was the manner of the settlers, where the fruit was so plenty and the market so far out of reach; then, between long drafts of the delicious pulp, he explained that certain things, melons for example, flourished better on the virgin soil of the sod than elsewhere.

"Another year or so," he said, "and you will never see on this patch of land such melons as these. They will never do so well again on this soil as this year. I never saw such big melons as these, and if we had planted them a little nearer together, I don't in the least doubt that any smart boy, like Sandy here, could walk all over the field, stepping from one melon to another, if he only had a pole to balance himself with as he walked. There would be nothing very wonderful-like about that. It's a pity that we have no use for these, there are so many of them and they are so good. Pity some of the folks at home have n't a few of them—a hundred or two, for instance."

It did seem a great waste of good things that these hundreds and hundreds of great water-melons should decay on the ground for lack of somebody to eat them. In the very wantonness of their plenty, the settlers had been accustomed to break open two or three of the finest of the fruit before they could satisfy themselves that they had got one of the best. Even then, they only took the choicest parts, leaving the rest to the birds. By night, too, the coyotes, or prairie-wolves, mean and sneaking things that they were, would steal down into the melon-patch and, in the desperation of their hunger, nose into the broken melons left by the settlers, and attempt to drag away some of the fragments, all the time uttering their fiendish yelps and howls.

Somebody had told the boys that the juice of watermelons boiled to a thick syrup was a very good substitute for molasses. Younkins told them that, back in old Missouri, "many families never had any other kind of sweetenin' in the house than watermelon molasses." So Charlie made an experiment with the juice boiled until it was pretty thick. All hands tasted it, and all hands voted that it was very poor stuff. They decided that they could not make their superabundance of watermelons useful except as an occasional refreshment.

CHAPTER XV.

PLAY COMES AFTER WORK.

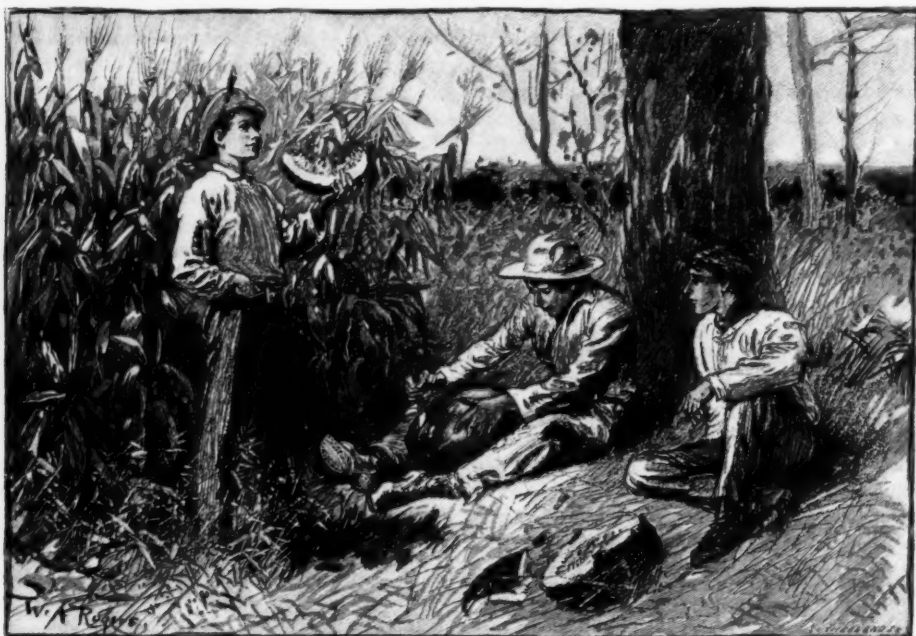
THE two cabins built, wood for the winter cut and hauled, and the planting all done, there was now nothing left to do but to wait and see the crop ripen. Their good friend Younkins was in the same fortunate condition, and he was ready to suggest, to the intense delight of the boys, that they might be able to run into a herd of buffalo, if they should take a notion to follow the old Indian trail out to the feeding-grounds. In those days, there was no hunting west of the new settlement, except that of the Indians. In that vague and mysterious way by which reports travel—in the air, as it were—among all frontier settlements, they had heard that buffalo were plenty in the vast ranges to the westward, the herds moving slowly northward, grazing as they went. It was now the season of wild game, and so the boys were sent across to Younkins's to ask him what he thought of a buffalo-hunting trip.

Reaching his cabin, the good woman of the house told them that he had gone into the tall timber near by, thinking he heard some sort of wild birds in the underbrush. He had taken his gun with him; in fact, Younkins was seldom seen without his gun, except when he was at work in the fields. The boys gleefully followed Younkins's trail into the forest, making for an opening about a half-mile away, where Mrs. Younkins thought he was most likely to be found. "Major," the big yellow dog, a special pet of Sandy's, accompanied them, although his mistress vainly tried to coax him back. Major was fond of boys' society.

"There's Younkins now," cried Oscar, as they drew near an opening in the wood into which the hot sunlight poured. Younkins was half crouching and cautiously making his way into the nearer side of the opening, and the boys, knowing that he was on the track of game, silently drew near, afraid of disturbing the hunter or the hunted. Suddenly Major, catching sight of the game, bounded forward with a loud bark into the tangle of berry bushes and

and that lunkhead of a dog must needs dash in and scare 'em up. It's too pesky blamed bad!"

The boys were greatly mortified at the disaster that they had brought upon Younkins and Major by bringing the dog out with them. But when Charlie, as the eldest, explained that they had no idea that Major would work mischief, Younkins said, "Never mind, boys, for you did not know what was going on-like."



"THEY WERE FEASTING THEMSELVES ON ONE OF THE DELICIOUS WATERMELONS THAT NOW SO PLENTIFULLY DOTTED THEIR OWN CORN-FIELD." (SEE PAGE 508.)

vines. There was a confused noise of wings, a whistle of alarm which also sounded like the gobble of a turkey, and four tremendous birds rose up, and with a motion that was partly a run and partly a flying, they disappeared into the depths of the forest. To their intense surprise, the usually placid Younkins turned savagely upon the dog, and, saying, "Drat that fool dog!" fired one barrel loaded with fine bird-shot into poor Major.

"Four as fine turkeys as you ever saw in your life!" he explained as if in apology to the boys. "I was sure of at least two of 'em;

Younkins, ashamed, apparently, of his burst of temper, stooped down and, discovering that Major's wounds were not very serious, extracted the shot, plucked a few leaves of some plant that he seemed to know all about, and pressed the juice into the wounds made by the shot. The boys looked on with silent admiration. This man knew everything, they thought. They had often marveled to see how easily and unerringly he found his way through woods, streams, and over prairies; now he showed them another gift; he was a "natural born doctor," as his wife proudly said of him.

"No wild turkey for supper to-night," said Younkins, as he picked up his shot-gun and returned with the boys to the cabin. He was "right glad," he said, to agree to go on a buffalo hunt, if the rest of the party would like to go. He knew there must be buffalo off to the westward. He went with Mr. Fuller and Mr. Battles last year, about this time, and they had great luck. He would come over that evening and set a date with the other men for starting out together.

Elated with this ready consent of Younkins, the lads went across the ford, eager to tell their elders the story of the wild turkeys and poor Major's exploit. Sandy, carrying his shot-gun on his shoulder, lingered behind while the other two boys hurried up the trail to the log-cabin. He fancied that he heard a noise as of ducks quacking, in the creek that emptied into the Fork just below the ford. So, making his way softly to the densely wooded bank of the creek, he parted the branches with great caution and looked in. What a sight it was! At least fifty fine black ducks were swimming around, feeding and quacking sociably together, entirely unconscious of the wide-open blue eyes that were staring at them from behind the covert of the thicket. Sandy thought them even more wonderful and beautiful than the young fawn and its dam that he had seen on the Fort Riley trail. For a moment, fascinated by the rare spectacle, he gazed wonderingly at the ducks as they swam around, chasing each other and eagerly hunting for food. It was but for a moment, however. Then he raised his shot-gun, and, taking aim into the thickest of the flock, fired both barrels in quick succession. Instantly the gay clamor of the pretty creatures ceased, and the flock rose with a loud whirring of wings and wheeled away over the tree-tops. The surface of the water, to Sandy's excited imagination, seemed to be fairly covered with birds, some dead and some struggling with wounded limbs. The other two boys, startled by the double report from Sandy's gun, came scampering down the trail, just as the lad, all excitement, was stripping off his clothes to wade into the creek for his game.

"Ducks! Black ducks! I've shot a million of 'em!" cried the boy, exultingly; and in

another instant he plunged into the water up to his middle, gathering the ducks by the legs and bringing them to the bank, where Charlie and Oscar, discreetly keeping out of the oozy creek, received them, counting the birds as they threw them on the grass.

"Eighteen, all told!" shouted Oscar, when the last bird had been caught, as it floundered about among the weeds, and brought ashore.

"Eighteen ducks in two shots!" cried Sandy, his freckled face fairly beaming with delight. "Did ever anybody see such luck?"

They all thought that nobody ever had.

"What 's that on your leg?" asked Oscar, stooping to pick from Sandy's leg a long, brown object looking like a flat worm. To the boys' intense astonishment, the thing would not come off, but stretched out to several inches in length, holding on by one end.

Sandy howled with pain. "It is something that bites," he cried.

"And there 's another, and another! Why, he 's covered all over with 'em!" exclaimed Oscar.

Sure enough, the lad's legs, if not exactly covered, were well sprinkled with the things.

"Scrape 'em off with your knife!" cried Sandy.

Oscar usually carried a sheath-knife at his belt, more for "the style of the thing, than use," he explained; so with this he quickly took off the repulsive creatures, which, loosening their hold, dropped to the ground limp and shapeless.

"Leeches," said Charlie, briefly, as he poked one of them over with a stick. The mystery was explained, and wherever one of them had been attached to the boy's tender skin, blood flowed freely for a few minutes and then ceased. Even on one or two of the birds they found a leech adhering to the feathers where the poor thing's blood had followed the shot. Picking up the game, the three boys joyfully escorted the elated Sandy to the cabin, where his unexpected adventures made him the hero of the day.

"Could n't we catch some of those leeches and sell them to the doctors?" asked the practical Oscar.

His father shook his head. "American wild leeches like those are not good for much, my

son. I don't know why not; but I have been told that only the imported leeches are used by medical men."

"Well," said Sandy, tenderly rubbing his wounded legs, "if imported leeches can bite any more furiously than these Kansas ones do, I don't want any of them to tackle me! I suppose these were hungry, though, not having had a taste of a fresh Illinois boy, lately. But they did n't make much out of me, after all."

Very happy were those three boys, that evening, as, filled with roast wild duck, they sat by and heard their elders discuss with Younkins the details of the grand buffalo hunt that was now to be organized. Younkins had seen Mr. Fuller, who had agreed to make one of the party. So there would be four men and the three boys to compose the expedition. They were to take two horses, Fuller's and Younkins's, to serve as pack-animals, for the way to the hunting-ground might be long; but the hunting was to be done on foot. Younkins was very sure that they would have no difficulty in getting near enough to shoot; the animals had not been hunted much in those parts at that time, and the Indians kill them on foot very often. If Indians could do that, why could not white men?

The next two days were occupied in preparations for the expedition, to the great delight of the boys, who recalled with amusement something of a similar feeling that they had when they were preparing for their trip to Kansas, long ago, away back in Dixon. How far off that all seemed now! Now they were in the promised land and were going out to hunt for big game—buffalo! It seemed too good to be true.

Bread was made and baked; smoked side-meat, and pepper and salt made ready and packed; a few potatoes taken as a luxury in camp-life; blankets, guns, and ammunition prepared; and, above all, plenty of coffee already browned and ground was packed for use. It was a merry and a buoyant company that started out in the early dawn of a September morning, having snatched a hasty breakfast of which the excited boys had scarcely time to taste. Buffalo beef, they confidently said, was their favorite meat. They would dine on buffalo hump, that very day.

Oscar, more cautious than the others, asked Younkins if they were sure to see buffalo soon.

"Surely," replied he; "I was out to the bend of the Fork just above the bluffs, last night, and the plains were just full of 'em, just simply black-like, as it were."

"What?" exclaimed all three boys in a breath. "Plains full of them and you did n't even mention it! What a funny man you are."

Mr. Howell reminded them that Mr. Younkins had been accustomed to see buffalo for so long that he did not think it anything worth mentioning that he had seen vast numbers of the creatures already. So, as they pressed on, the boys strained their eyes in the distance, looking for buffalo. But no animals greeted their sight, as they passed over the long green swales of the prairie, mile after mile, now rising to the top of a little eminence and now sinking into a shallow valley; but occasionally a sneaking, stealthy coyote would noiselessly trot into view, and then, after cautiously surveying them from a distance, disappear, as Sandy said, "as if he had sunk into a hole in the ground." It was in vain that they attempted to get near enough to one of these wary animals to warrant a shot. It is only by great good luck that anybody ever shoots a coyote, although in countries where they abound every man's hand is against them; they are such arrant thieves, as well as cowards.

But at noon, while the little party was taking a luncheon in the shade of a solitary birch that grew by the side of a little creek, or runlet, Sandy, the irrepressible, with his bread and meat in his hand, darted off to the next roll of the prairie, a high and swelling hill, in fact, "to see what he could see." As soon as the lad had reached the highest part of the swale, he turned around and swung his arms excitedly, too far off to make his voice heard. He jumped up and down, whirled his arms, and acted altogether like a young lunatic.

"The boy sees buffalo," said Younkins, with a smile of calm amusement. He could hardly understand why anybody should be excited over so commonplace a matter. But the other two lads were off like a shot in Sandy's direction. Reaching their comrade, they found him in a state of great agitation. "Oh, look at 'em!

Look at 'em! Millions on millions! Did anybody ever see the like!"

Perhaps Sandy's estimate of the numbers was a little exaggerated, but it really was a wonderful sight. The rolls of the prairie, four or five miles away, were dark with the vast and slow-moving herds that were passing over, their general direction being toward the spot on which the boys were standing. Now and again, some animals strayed off in broken parties, but for the most part the phalanx seemed to be solid, so solid that the green of the earth was completely hidden by the dense herd.

The boys stood rooted to the spot with the intensity of their wonder and delight. If there were not millions in that vast army of buffalo, there were certainly hundreds of thousands. What would happen if that great army should suddenly take a notion to gallop furiously in their direction?

"You need n't whisper so," said Charlie, noticing the awe-struck tones of the youngsters. "They can't hear you, away off there. Why, the very nearest of the herd cannot be less than five miles off; and they would run from us, rather than toward us, if they were to see and hear us."

"I asked Younkins if he ever had any trouble with a buffalo when he was hunting, and what do you suppose he said?" asked Oscar, who had recovered his voice. "Well, he said that once he was out on horseback, and had cornered a young buffalo bull in among some limestone ledges up there on the Upper Fork, and 'the critter turned on him and made a nasty noise with his mouth-like,' so that he was glad to turn and run. 'Nasty noise with his mouth,' I suppose was a sort of a snort—a snort-like, as Younkins would say. There come the rest of the folks. My! won't daddy be provoked that we did n't go back and help hitch up!"

But the elders of the party had not forgotten that they were once boys themselves, and when they reached the point on which the lads stood surveying the sight, they also were stirred to enthusiasm. The great herd was still moving on, the dark folds of the moving mass undulating like the waves of a sea, as the buffalo rose and fell upon the surface of the rolling prairie.

As if the leaders had spied the hunters, the

main herd now swung away more to the right, or northward, only a few detached parties coming toward the little group of hunters that still watched them silently from its elevated point of observation.

Younkins surveyed the movement critically and then announced it as his opinion that the herd was bound for the waters of the Republican Fork, to the right and somewhat to the northward of the party. The best course for them to take now would be to try and cut off the animals before they could reach the river. There was a steep and bluff bank at the point for which the buffalo seemed to be aiming; that would divert them further up stream, and if the hunters could only creep along in the low gullies of the prairie, out of the sight of the herd, they might reach the place where the buffalo would cross before they could get there; for the herd moved slowly; an expert walker could far out-travel them in a direct line.

"One of you boys will have to stay here by the stuff; the rest of us will press on in the direction of the river as fast as may be," said Uncle Aleck. The boys looked at each other in dismay. Who would be willing to be left behind in a chase so exciting as this? Sandy bravely solved the puzzle.

"Here, you take my shot-gun, Charlie," he said. "It carries farther than yours; I'll stay by the stuff and the horses; I'm pretty tired, anyhow." His father smiled approvingly but said nothing. He knew how great a sacrifice the boy was making for the others.

Left alone on the hill-top, for the rest of the party moved silently and swiftly away to the northward, Sandy felt the bitterness of disappointment as well as of loneliness while he sat on the grass watching with absorbed attention the motions of the great herds. All trace of his companions was soon lost as they passed down into the gullies and ravines that broke the ground adjacent to the Fork to the westward of the stream. Once, indeed, he saw the figures of the hunters, painted dark against the sky, rise over a distant swale and disappear just as one of them turned and waved a signal in dumb show to the solitary watcher on the hill.

"If those buffalo should get stampeded," mused Sandy, "and make a break in this way, it

would be 'all day' with those horses and the camp stuff. I guess I had better make all fast, for there may be a gale of wind, or a gale of buffalo, which is the same thing." So saying, the thoughtful lad led the animals down into the gully where the noon luncheon had been taken, removed their packs, tethered them to the tree, and then ran back to the hill-top and resumed his watch.

There was no change in the situation except that there were, if possible, more buffalo moving over the distant slopes of the rolling prairie. The boy stood entranced at the sight. More, more, and yet more of the herds were slowly moving into sight and then disappearing in the gullies below. The dark brown folds seemed to envelop the face of the earth. Sandy wondered where so many creatures could find pasturage. Their bodies appeared to cover the hills and valleys, so that there could not be room left for grazing. "They've got such big feet," he soliloquized aloud, "that I should think that the ground would be all pawed up where they have traveled." In the ecstasy of his admiration, he walked to and fro on the hill-top, talking to himself, as was his wont.

"I wonder if the other fellows can see them as I do?" he asked. "I don't believe, after all, that it is one-half so entertaining for them as it is for me. Oh, I just wish the folks at home could be here now, and see this sight! It beats all nature, as Father Dixon used to say. And to think that there are thousands of people in big cities who don't have meat enough to eat. And all this buffalo-meat running wild!" The boy laughed to himself at the comicality of the thought. Fresh beef running wild!

The faint report of a gun fired afar off now reached his ear and he saw a blue puff of smoke rising from the crest of a timber-bordered hill far away. The herd in that direction seemed to swerve somewhat and scatter, but, to his intense surprise, there was no hurry in their movements; the brown and black folds of the great mass of animals still slowly and sluggishly spread out and flowed like the tides of the sea, enveloping everything. Suddenly there was another report, then another, and another. Three shots in quick succession.

"Now they are getting in their work!" shouted the boy, fairly dancing up and down

in his excitement. "Oh, I wish I was there instead of here looking on!"

Now the herds wavered for a moment, then their general direction was changed from the northward to the eastward. Then there was a swift and sudden movement of the whole mass, and the vast dark stream flowed in a direction parallel with the Fork instead of toward it, as heretofore.

"They are coming this way!" shouted Sandy to the empty, silent air around him. "I'll get a shot at 'em yet!" Then, suddenly recollecting that his gun had been exchanged for his brother's, he added, "And Charlie's gun is no good!"

In truth, the herd was now bound straight for the hill on which the boy maintained his solitary watch. Swiftly running down to the gully in which the horses were tethered, Sandy got out his brother's gun and carefully examined the caps and the load. They had run some heavy slugs of lead in a rude mold which they had made, the slug being just the size of the barrel of the shot-gun. One barrel was loaded with a heavy charge of buckshot, and the other with a slug. The latter was an experiment, and a big slug like that could not be expected to carry very far; it might, however, do much damage at short range.

Running up to the head of the gully, which was in the nature of a shallow ravine draining the hill above, Sandy emerged on the highest point of land, a few hundred feet to the right and north of his former post of observation. The herd was in full drive directly toward him. Suppose they should come driving down over the hills where he was! They would sweep down into the gully, stampede the horses, and trample all the camp-stuff into bits! The boy fairly shook with excitement as the idea struck him. On they came, the solid ground shaking under their thundering tread.

"I must try to head 'em off," said the boy to himself. "The least I can do is to scare them a good bit, and then they'll split in two and the herd will divide right here. But I must get a shot at one, or the other fellows will laugh at me."

The rushing herd was headed right for the spot where Sandy stood, spreading out to the

left and right, but with the center of the phalanx steering in a bee-line for the lad. Thoroughly alarmed now, Sandy looked around, and perceiving a sharp outcropping of the underlying stratum of limestone at the head of the little ravine, he resolved to shelter himself behind that, in case the buffalo should continue to come that way. Notwithstanding his excitement, the lad did not fail to note two discharges, one after the other, in the distance, showing that his friends were still keeping up a fusillade against the flying herds.

At the second shot, Sandy thought that the masses in the rear swung off more to the southward, as if panic-stricken by the firing, but the advance guard still maintained a straight line for him. There was no escape from it now, and Sandy looked down at the two horses tethered in the ravine below, peacefully grazing the short thick grass, unconscious of the flood of buffalo now undulating over the prairie above them and soon to swoop down over the hillside where they were. In another instant, the lad could see the tossing, shaggy manes of the leaders of the herd and could even distinguish the redness of their eyes as they swept up the incline at the head of which he stood. He hastily dodged behind the crag of rock; it was a small affair, hardly higher than his head, but wide enough, he thought, to divide the herd when they came to it. So he ducked behind it and waited for coming events.

Sandy was right. Just above the rock behind which he was crouched, the ground fell off rapidly and left a stiff slope, up which even a stampeded buffalo would hardly climb. The ground trembled as the vast army of living creatures came tumbling and thundering over the prairie. Sandy, stooping behind the outcropping, also trembled, partly with excitement and partly with fear. If the buffalo were to plunge over the very small barrier between him and them, his fate was sealed. For an instant, his heart stood still. It was but for an instant, for, before he could draw a long breath, the herd parted on the two sides of the little crag. The divided stream poured down on both sides of him, a tumultuous, broken and disorderly torrent of animals, making no sound except for the ceaseless beat of their tremendous hoofs.

Sandy's eyes swam with the bewildering motion of the living stream. For a brief space, he saw nothing but a confused mass of heads, backs and horns, hundreds of thousands flowing tumultuously past. Gradually, his sense of security came back to him, and, exulting in his safety, he raised his gun, and muttering under his breath, "Right behind the fore-shoulder-like, Younkins said," he took steady aim and fired. A young buffalo bull tumbled headlong down the ravine. In their mad haste, a number of the animals fell over him, pell-mell; but, recovering themselves with incredible swiftness, they skipped to their feet and were speedily on their way down the hill. Sandy watched, with a beating heart, the young bull as he fell heels over head two or three times before he could rally; the poor creature got upon his feet, fell again, and while the tender-hearted boy hesitated whether to fire the second barrel or not, finally fell over on his side helpless.

Meanwhile, the ranks of buffalo coming behind swerved from the fallen animal to the left and right, as if by instinct, leaving an open space all around the point where the boy stood gazing at his fallen game. He fired, almost at random, at the nearest of the flying buffalo, but the buck-shot whistled hurtlessly among the herd, and Sandy thought to himself that it was downright cruelty to shoot among them, for the scattering shot would only wound without killing the animals.

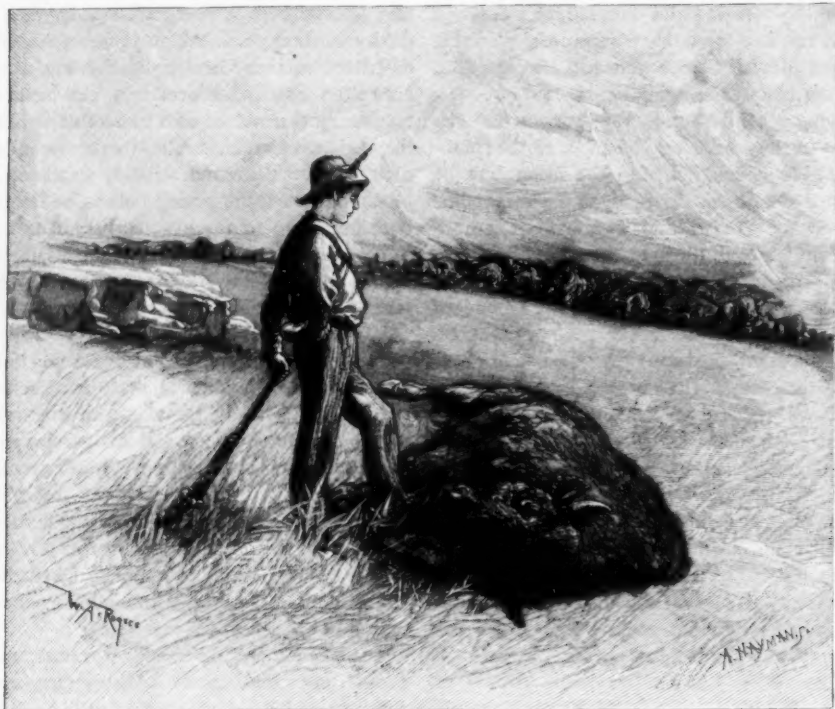
It was safe now for Sandy to emerge from his place of concealment, and, standing on the rocky point behind which he had been hidden, he gazed to the west and north. The tumbling masses of buffalo were scattered far apart. Here and there, he could see wide stretches of prairie, no longer green, but trampled into a dull brown by the tread of myriads of hurrying feet; and, far to the north, the land was clear, as if the main herd had passed down to the southward. Scattered bands still hurried along above him, here and there, nearer to the Fork, but the main herd had gone on in the general direction of the settlers' home.

"What if they have gone down to our cabin?" he muttered aloud. "It's all up with any corn-field that they run across. But, then, they must have kept too far to the south to get anywhere

near our claim." And the lad consoled himself with this reflection.

But his game was more engrossing of his attention, just now, than anything else. He had been taught that an animal should not bleed to death through a gunshot wound. His big leaden slug had gone directly through the buffalo's

"Well done, Sandy!" The boy started, turned and beheld his cousin Oscar gazing open-mouthed at the spectacle. "And did you shoot him, all by your very own self? What with? Charlie's gun?" The lad poured forth a torrent of questions, and Sandy proudly answered them all with, "That is what I did."



"HE GENTLY TOUCHED THE ANIMAL WITH THE TOE OF HIS BOOT AND CRIED, 'ALL BY MY OWN SELF!'"

vitals somewhere, for it was now quite dead. Sandy stood beside the noble beast with a strange elation, looking at it before he could make up his mind to cut its throat and let out the blood. It was a yearling bull buffalo that lay before him, the short, sharp horns plowed into the ground and the massive form, so lately bounding over the rolling prairie, forever still. To Sandy, it all seemed like a dream; it had come and gone so quickly. His heart misgave him as he looked, for Sandy had a tender heart. Then he gently touched the animal with the toe of his boot and cried, "All by my own self!"

As the two boys hung with delight over the prostrate beast, Oscar told the tale of disappointment that the others had to relate. They had gone up the ravines that skirted the Fork, prowling on their hands and knees; but the watchers of the herd were too wary to let the hunters get near enough for a good shot. They had fired several times, but had brought down nothing. Sandy had heard the shots? Yes, Sandy had heard and had hoped that somebody was having great sport. After all, he thought, as he looked at the fallen monarch of the prairie, it was rather cruel business. Oscar did not think so; he wished he had had such luck.

The rest of the party now came up, one after another, and all gave a whoop of astonishment and delight at Sandy's great success as soon as they saw his noble quarry.

The sun was now low in the west; here was a good place for camping; a little brush would do for firing, and water was close at hand. So the tired hunters, after a brief rest while they lay on the trampled grass and recounted the doings of the day, went to work at the game. The animal was dressed and a few choice pieces were hung on the tree to cool for their supper. It was dark when they gathered around their cheerful fire, as the cool autumnal evening came on, and cooked and ate with infinite zest their first buffalo-meat. Boys who have never been hungry with the hunger of a long tramp over the prairies, hungry for their first taste of big game of their own shooting, cannot possibly understand how good to the Boy Settlers was their supper on the wind-swept slopes of the Kansas plains.

Wrapping themselves as best they could in the blankets and buffalo-ropes brought from home, the party lay down in the nooks and corners of the ravine, first securing the buffalo meat on the tree that made their camp.

"What, for goodness' sake, is that?" asked Charlie, querulously, as he was roused out of his sleep by a dismal cry not far away in the darkness.

"Wolves," said Younkens, curtly, as he raised himself on one elbow to listen. "The pesky critters have smelt blood; they would smell it if they were twenty miles off, I do believe, and they are gathering round as they scent the carcass."

By this, all of the party were awake except Sandy, who, worn out with excitement perhaps,

slept on through all the fearful din. The mean little prairie-wolves gathered, and barked and snarled in the distance. Nearer, the big wolves howled like great dogs, their long howl occasionally breaking into a bark; and farther and farther off, away in the extremest distance, they could hear other wolves whose hollow-sounding cry seemed like an echo of their more fortunate brethren nearer the game. A party of the creatures were busy at the offal from the slain buffalo, just without the range of the firelight, for the camp-fire had been kept alight. Into the struggling, snarling group Younkens discharged his rifle. There was a sharp yell of pain, a confused patter of hurrying feet, and in an instant all was still.

Sandy started up. "Who 's shot another buffalo?" he asked, as if struggling with a dream. The others laughed, and Charlie explained what had been going on, and the tired boy lay down to sleep again. But that was not a restful night for any of the campers. The wolves renewed their howling. The hunters were able to snatch only a few breaths of sleep from time to time, in moments when the dismal ululation of the wolf-chorus subsided. The sun rose, flooding the rolling prairies with a wealth of golden sunshine. The weary campers looked over the expanse around them, but not a remnant of the rejected remains of the buffalo was to be seen; and in all the landscape about, no sign of any living thing was in sight, save where some early-rising jack-rabbit scudded over the torn sod, hunting for his breakfast.

Fresh air, bright sunlight, and a dip in a cool stream are the best correctives for a head heavy with want of sleep; and the hunters, refreshed by these and a pot of strong and steaming coffee, were soon ready for another day's sport.

(To be continued.)

HOBBY-HORSES.

By A. C.



RIDING "HOBBY-HORSES" IN THE STREETS OF OLD NEW YORK.

REVERSE the last two figures of this present year of grace, and you will have the date of a period which saw many otherwise sane men in France, England, and America given over to an absurd craze for riding "hobby-horses," and there are doubtless a number of venerable old gentlemen still living who could tell of memories, and perhaps even recall personal experiences, of the time seventy years ago when young men made spectacles of themselves by propelling these machines through the streets of old New York.

The grandsons of those same venerable gentlemen now propel wheels along the streets of the New York of to-day, but in a manner as different, almost, as flying differs from walking. In fact, if, by some "presto-change!" of time

and circumstance, one of these wide-awake grandsons could come suddenly upon a group of his ancestors engaged as the artist has shown them in the accompanying picture, he would probably conclude that they had taken leave of their senses, and hurl after them a scornful "Go it, Gaiters! Cranks! Cranks!"

And in so expressing his candid opinion in nineteenth-century slang,—which would be quite wrong, of course,—he would unconsciously have named the good Anglo-Saxon word for an idea that in the course of time was to transform the machines thus arousing his ridicule, into the pet and pride of his boyish heart—the bicycle. For, the idea of "cranks"—in the mechanical sense—was precisely that which, occurring to an ingenious Frenchman,

gradually, along with other changes, new adjustments, and improvements, covering a period of many years, transformed the ungainly hobby-horse of 1819 into that perfect product of mechanical art, the bicycle of 1891.

The first rudimentary bicycle was mounted by Baron von Drais, a Frenchman living in Germany, who, early in this century, invented a combination of two wheels, a seat, and handles, which he called a "célérifère," to aid him in his work of overseeing large estates.

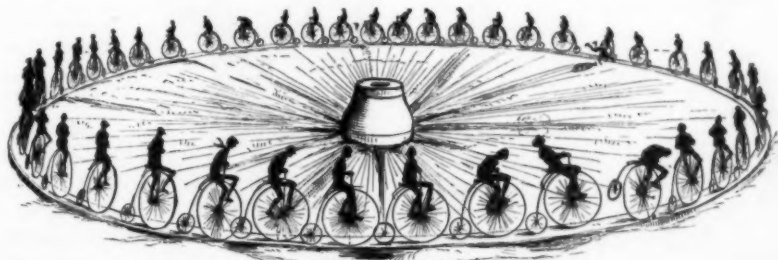
The old cuts of this odd machine, called, after the inventor, the "Draisine," show it to be in its general features the direct forerunner of the hobby-horse. "Draisines" were introduced into England in 1818, and a year later they were seen in America, on the streets of New York.

In both countries they met with great favor, and one historian relates that in New York "people rode them up and down the Bowery, and on the parks, a favorite place for speed being the down grade from Chatham Street to City Hall Park." Clumsy machines they seem to our eyes,—two heavy wheels connected by a cross-bar to which was attached midway the cushioned seat for the rider. In front of the seat was a raised cushion upon which, handles in hand, the rider rested his forearms, guiding the machine. He propelled it by pushing alternately with his feet on the ground until the speed was sufficient to maintain equilibrium, when he would raise his feet and, in the words of a rider of to-day, "coast."

The rage for these "Draisines," and "pedestrian curricles," or "dandy-horses" and "hobby-horses," as the later "improved" machines were called, subsided rapidly because of the difficulty of making them practically useful,

and because of the ridicule always excited by the riders.

This curious sport of riding two wheels, joined, and running in the same perpendicular plane, therefore languished in obscurity until after a lapse of more than forty years it again attracted public attention in a new form. It was in 1865 that a French mechanic, Pierre Lallemant, conceived the notion of attaching foot-crankes to the front wheel of the old-fashioned hobby-horse. He made a machine embodying this idea, learned to ride it, and exhibited it at the Paris Exposition in 1867. The credit for this invention is also claimed in England for Edward Gilman, but be the honor due to Frenchman or Englishman, here, at all events, was the immediate predecessor of the bicycle. It immediately became popular in both England and America. A great many improvements and changes were necessary, of course, before the crude machine of Lallemant—the "velocipede" of thirty years ago—became the finished bicycle of to-day, but energetic business men in England, and later in this country, saw its possibilities and began the manufacture of the machines. Improvement has followed improvement, until now there is little resemblance left to the old velocipede, or "boneshaker" as it was flippantly called, and it is difficult to imagine in what way a modern bicycle may be improved. One step further is possible in the way of change, and that is to discard the small wheel altogether and ride only the big wheel. Indeed, this has already been done in exhibitions by a few adventurous experts, but before the method becomes general we may have learned to fly outright, and wheels have become a drug in the market.



A FEAST OF ALL NATIONS.

BY MARGARET JOHNSON.

A FEAST, I have read,
There was recently spread,
Where this novel arrangement existed:
Each fortunate guest,
When his choice he expressed,
To his favorite dish was assisted.



MIKEY MAGUIRE.

Regarding his neighbor
so bony,
"Dot poy vas so droll!
I would gif der whole
bowl
For von leedle bite of
Bologny!"

The fair Oumi San
Waved her beautiful
fan,



OUMI SAN.

Said Mikey Maguire,
As he sat by the fire,
"Faith thin, but it 's warm-
in', the hate is!
An' shure, for a parrrty
Av appetoite hearrrty,
"There 's nothin' quite ay-
qual to praties!"

"Ach! Donner und
Blitz!"
Cried fat little Fritz,



FRITZ.

As she smiled his en-
joyment to see.
She would taste of no
dish
Save an entrée of fish,
But she never once stop-
ped drinking tea!



HANS.

In a serious mood
Hans, the Eskimo,
chewed
Some strips of what
might have been
rubber;
But when they in-
quired
Whether aught he
desired,
He said he wished
nothing but
blubber.

"Me velly honglee!"
Said the guileless
Chung Se,
With an evident yearn-
ing for rice.
He smiled and he
sighed,
And his chopsticks
applied,
And was ready for more
in a trice.



CHUNG SE.



MARIA.

"Carissima mia!"
Cried little Maria,
"Nothing-a zo lofely as
dese!"
And she fondly
surveyed,
On the table dis-
played,
Her beloved maca-
roni and cheese.

"Aweel an' aweel,"
Said Jamie MacNeil,
"O' whimseys an' freaks
there's a mony!
But naethin' I know
Like the oatmeal I
lo'e
To make a braw lad
an' a bonny!"



JAMIE MACNEIL.



MUSTAPHA.

Mustapha, the bland,
With a wave of his
hand,
Declined to partake of
the feast,
Till the coffee was
served;
When he visibly
swerved,
And drank twenty cups,
at the least.



HÉLÈNE.

"O non!" cried
Hélène,
With a shrug of
disdain,
"I wish but a *morceau*
petit.
Nothing hot, *s'il*
vous plait,
But some water
sucrée,
And a bonbon, *je*
vous remercie!"

"Jes' hab yo' own
way,"
Said George Wash-
ington Clay,
"An' go 'long wid dose
fibs yo's a-tellun'!
Dar 's nuffin' lak
dis!"
And chuckling with
bliss,
He extinguished him-
self in a melon!



GEORGE WASHINGTON CLAY.

Quoth brave Johnny
Bull,
With his mouth
rather full,
And his waist with a
napkin begirt,
"Of dainties the chief,
Is the noble roast
beef,
With plum-pudding, of
course, for des-
sert!"



JOHNNY BULL.



JONATHAN BRIGHT.

"Wal, mebbe you 're right,"
Observed Jonathan Bright,

With a wink of his
merry young eye;
"But for all you 're
so knowin',
The dish ain't a-
goin'
Can come up, I reckon,
to pie!"





THE MANNERS OF SHEEP.

BY JOHN ALBEE.

ALL up and down the greeny grass
The sheep in flocks together pass ;
With nibbling noses hills are sown
And where they go the sod is mown.

With thick-set tails a-wag behind—
They roam or nibble with one mind ;
And if one lifts his head on high
All other heads at once up fly ;

As stones in field, then stand they still ;
Or run they all with single will ;
And whether there is aught to leap,
All jump if jump the leader sheep.

Where learned the simple sheep such ways
No one had told in ancient days ;
But now some think they learned them when
The silly sheep were silly men.



it ap
zon i
is to
slow
a fish
but t
move
bank

Pr
up s
large
outst
it sw
itself
of m
and
light
grou
sailo
deck
more
guid

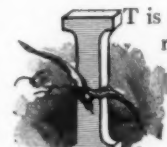
O
pow
as a
on t
shor
rank
com
ful,
brim
forw
their

CHAN OK; A ROMANCE OF THE EASTERN SEAS.

By J. O. DAVIDSON.

CHAPTER I.

THE CREW DESERT.

T is midnight on the great Chinese river. The silver moon rides placidly in the dusky heavens, the circular halo around it fading away in the damp cold mist which thickens as it approaches the water's surface until the horizon is hid in a soft and feathery pall. Nothing is to be seen, save the passing cormorant sailing slowly over the river, or the occasional flash of a fish breaking its surface; and nothing is heard but the murmur of the vast body of water as it moves grandly on within its distant and invisible banks.

Presently, growing out of the misty channel up stream, a dark object appears. It looms large and vague, like some huge bird or bat with outstretched wings resting on the water; but as it sweeps majestically down the river, it shapes itself clear and distinct against the background of mist and soon displays the tall tapering masts and heavy sails of a native trading-junk. As a light gleams suddenly from behind her sail a group of dark figures is revealed. They are sailors; some seated, others lying asleep on the deck. One keeps watch at the bow, while two more, on the high stern aft, handle the tiller and guide the great junk on her silent way.

One of the men at the helm is a tall and powerful man whose hair is gray. He is dressed as a common sailor, but a moonbeam's glint on the butt of a pistol and the handle of a short sword at his side shows him to be of some rank above that indicated by his dress. His companion, more slender and decidedly youthful, is dressed in white duck, and wears a broad-brimmed hat. He stands peering anxiously forward into the gloom, occasionally sweeping their limited horizon with a night-glass.

Presently the silence is broken by the taller, who, quietly pointing under the bend of a sail, whispers, "Can that be their light, sir? I fancied I saw the glimmer of a light yonder."

The youth brings his glass to bear, peers through it anxiously for a moment, and answers decidedly, "Nothing there but rice-boats. It's very strange we have not met them. Can they have passed us in the dark?"

"No, sir; no," answers the other, "nothing has passed us going up stream; but I did n't like the looks of that three-masted junk as went by us two hours ago with all her sweeps out. She appeared to be in too much of a hurry, to suit me; and taking her actions into account with the failure of the company's boat to meet us, and the suspicious doings of this crew we have aboard, I have my doubts. It's not natural for junk men to use the sweeps going *down stream*, in such a fine current as this. And I'm certain those fellows forward are no more sleeping than I am; for they've been coming on deck by twos and threes, and I heard some of 'em whispering a while ago. For my part, I never liked the idea of taking passengers on these inland trips, sir, and never yet failed to give my opinion against it; and, what's more, this is the first time we ever started of a Friday. I've always before managed to hurry or delay loading so as to avoid that day, but this time you *would* do it, in spite o' me."

"But you know, Ben, we have never had any trouble since we've been together on the line."

"That's true, sir. I don't mean to be a croaker, but take an old man's advice now, and don't allow it again. I've been in China long enough to know these river people, and they're not to be trusted as much as the open-water ones, Mr. Austin."

"Now, Herrick, how often have I asked you not to call me *Mr. Austin*? Time was when you always called me Frank, and we've sailed

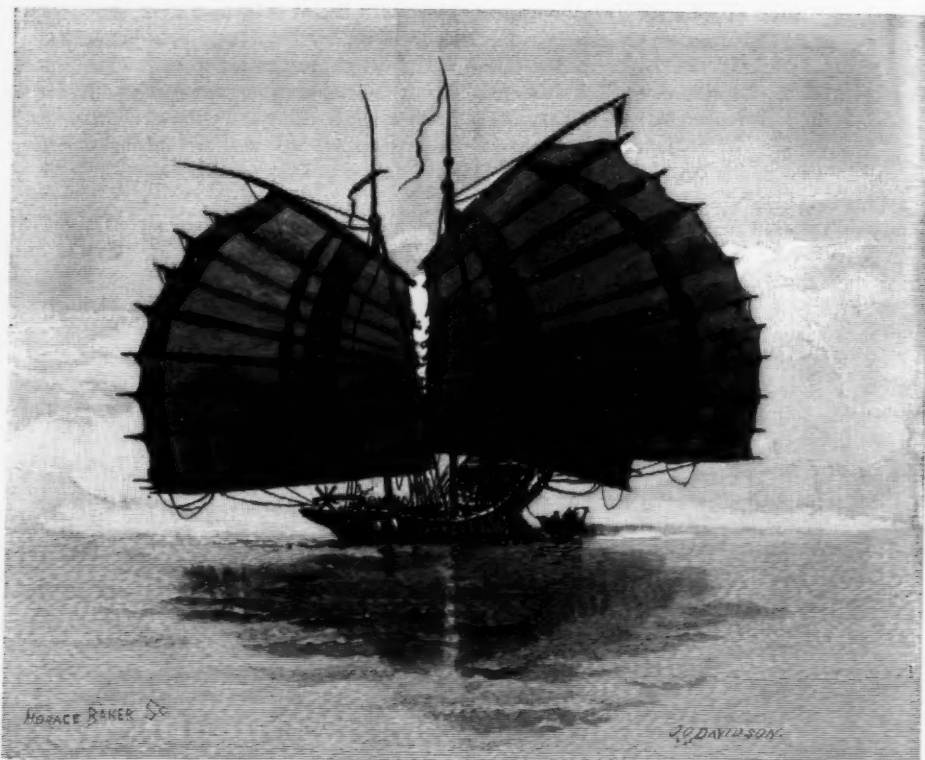
so much together I wish you would keep to the old name."

"Well, sir, I confess I do often feel like it, and it's more homelike; but since you've had command of your own ship, even if she be no more than a Chinese junk, it seems more ship-shape and sounds better before the crew, to show you proper respect. I may do as you wish, between ports; but as captain of this here high-

reached their ears from both sides. The barking of dogs and the voices of men, women, and children could from time to time be distinguished. Thicker and thicker grew the cluster of boats, until it became almost impossible to steer the large junk clear of them.

"What does it all mean?" Frank asked Herrick.

"Blessed if I know!" responded Ben, shaking



"IT LOOMS LARGE AND VAGUE, LIKE SOME HUGE BIRD."

tailed craft, you shall have from me all the respect that's due a superior officer. So, by your leave, I'll just splice the proper handle to your name in future, whenever we're on a cruise."

A shadowy mass now loomed up on their right and another on their left, and with his night-glass Frank made out a fleet of river craft all at anchor. Twinkling lights became visible, spectral boats sped by, and strange sounds

his head dubiously. "They were n't here two weeks ago, when we came up. Maybe it's one of those floating villages on the move as I've heard tell of; and, if 't is, there's no use of our trying to get through till daylight, that's sure."

"Forward there!" called Frank to the crew. "What are all these boats doing here?"

"They all right an' proper boats, sir," was the answer. "Fish scarce up-side river; they move down."

"How many of them are there?"

"No sabey, sir. One thousand, maybe; ten thousand, maybe. How can tell?"

"I see no way out of this," said the young captain, scanning the mass of boats with the glass. "It seems that we are wedged in by a village of boats without number."

"Better anchor, sir," suggested Herrick. "We 'll have daylight in an hour. You turn in, sir, and I 'll watch a spell."

"No, Ben; you 've been on duty since eight bells. Go below; I 'll spell it out."

The old sailor reluctantly went below, and Frank began his long and lonely watch on deck.

As he paced leisurely to and fro on top of the high sloping cabin, the strangeness of his position came vividly before him.

Two years before, he had passed up this river in charge of his first boat-load of merchandise; and many a successful trip had he since made, all with old Herrick as mate and adviser. His carefulness in the transfer of cargoes and his general good luck in his voyages had made him a favorite with the company. Fewer sacks of rice or boxes of opium had been stolen from his than from any other boat on the line, and therefore he had been rapidly promoted and had constantly greater trusts placed in his charge.

After the novelty had worn off, Herrick often fretted and fumed over the dull trips up and down river.

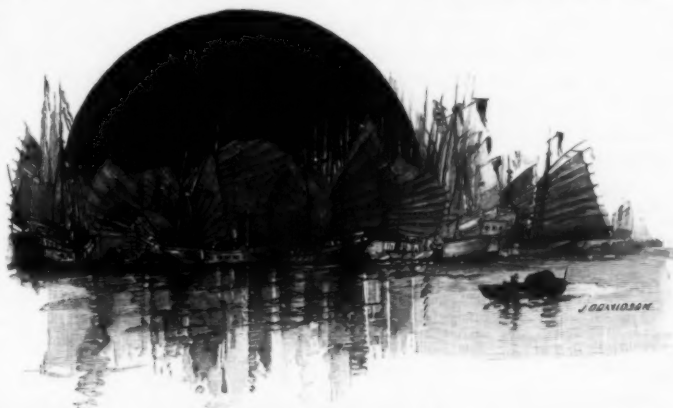
"What 's the use," he often said, "of paddling up, and drifting down here again, when we might be on blue water, with a tidy craft, a jolly crew, and a civilized cargo?—instead of in this highsterned, top-heavy barn of a junk. And such weather! Sky always blue, shore always soft, and not wind enough to blow out a candle. Faugh! I mind the yarn of a mate of mine who sailed four weeks in the blue Mediterranean, with just this weather all the time. Why, sir, the

ship struck a gale off the Bay of Biscay, goin' home, that carried her masts out and left her bottom-up with him astraddle of her keel, a-grinnin' to his drowning mates around, and shoutin' to them, 'Aha! my boys, this is what I calls *weather*! None of your soft skies and blue zephyrs for me!'"

But despite the growling, Frank thought highly of the old man; for he knew Herrick to be a stanch comrade and a faithful friend.

The Chinese crew were now the young commander's chief anxiety. Although they did their work well, he often noticed that they were whispering together when they thought themselves unseen by him or Herrick. Besides, the few Chinese passengers aboard seemed entirely too familiar with the crew. These circumstances, when added to the strange failure of the company's boat to meet them with provisions, as had been agreed, and to the strange haste of the outward-bound junks which had passed his vessel, and his present situation, hemmed in by the floating villagers, gave him reasonable cause for suspecting treachery.

At length, faint streaks of dawn lightened the surrounding fog; and, as the mist slowly cleared before the rising sun, Frank beheld a confused fleet of river-craft, of all shapes and sizes, lying huddled together on every side as far as his eye could reach. The slanting rays of the sun struck athwart the boats, and masts, sails, oars, and cordage caught the golden glow. The rising smoke of countless cabin-fires gave a weird



"THE FLOATING VILLAGE."

effect to the scene. Gongs sounded; chickens cackled; dogs barked; children peeped from little latticed windows; and their parents bustled about their morning work. It seemed as if the whole population of some town had deserted the land for the water.

"Well, I'll be keel-hauled!" exclaimed Herrick as he poked his head out of the window, "if this ain't the strangest sight I ever see. Why, sir, it's worse nor a hive of bees! Just listen to their buzzing! This is no place for a Christian."

"Call the men to breakfast, Ben, and then we'll put out the sweeps and see if we can't find some opening in the pack, there to the westward."

After issuing the necessary orders, the two officers went below to their own breakfast.

Hardly were they seated, when they heard stealthy footfalls overhead.

"Those fellows have no business aft, Mr. Austin. I'll just jump on deck and see what's up," said Herrick, after listening a moment.

He returned at once, with a muttered grumble against all Chinamen in general, and against their crew in particular.

"What's the matter?" asked Frank.

"We're in for it now, sir," Herrick answered doggedly. "They're clean gone, every heathen one of them, passengers and all! They cut stick and ran for it as soon as we came below!"

"What," cried Frank in amazement, "are we two alone?"

"Oh, Proddy the cook, Kanaka Joe, and the two Malays are still on board," replied Ben. "They'll never forget the day you saved them from drowning, in the straits of Malacca, when they fell overboard in that storm."

"Then there are six of us left. Let's go after the crew and bring the cowards back!" exclaimed Frank, seizing his pistols and starting for the door.

"Don't you do it, Mr. Frank," pleaded Ben, putting himself before the door. "They've played us a nasty trick and it's pretty bad for us as it is. Don't make matters worse by flying in a passion. They're puzzling enough already!"

"But what are we to do, Ben? Here we are with only six men to work the boat out of this place!"

"It's rough, I allow, sir. But we may squeeze through somehow," said the old man cheerfully.

CHAPTER II.

FRANK'S NEW CREW.

"Who's there?" called Frank; for there was a knock at the door. "It me, sah," was the reply in a negro's voice.

"Come in, Proddy!" said Frank.

The door opened and admitted a coal-black African boy, six feet in height and straight as an arrow. He was dressed in loose folded cloth fastened by a belt at the waist, but his magnificent chest and shoulders were bare. His tightly curled wool, dressed carefully and



"PRODDY."

gathered into a point on the top of his head, gave him a wild and almost savage appearance; but the bright eyes and honest face beneath would at once reassure the beholder who might have been disposed to think him half-civilized. Beside the negro cook stood a smaller man whose lithe, sinewy form and swarthy face showed him to be one of the "Kanaka men"—all of whom make excellent

sailors. Behind these stood two small Malays, in the picturesque costume of their race.

Six months before, Frank had rescued these men from a sinking junk, and they had since remained efficient and faithful members of his crew.

"What is it, Proddy?" asked Frank.

"De crew all done gone run off, sah, 'cept us; but a big coolie man just come aboard, to fine out ef you want any help."

Frank's anxious brow cleared at these words, and he glanced inquiringly at Ben. But the mate only shook his head uneasily, muttering, "Worse and worse! But perhaps you might as well see him, eh, Mr. Frank?"

Frank nodded, and the old sailor went on, "Show him down, Proddy."

"Now, Mr. Frank, it won't do to let this chap see that we are bothered; so let's go on with our breakfast," suggested the mate when the others had gone.

So they went on with the meal.

In a few moments appeared at the cabin door the figure of a thin, sinewy coolie. He wore a striped cloth about his waist, his pigtail was coiled on top of his head, and he carried a broad bamboo hat in his hand.

"What do you want?" asked Frank sharply.

"Chin-chin. My coolie comprador! * Your clew lun away. I many good men hab, can show proper paper † from Hong Kong side. You make look see?" and he extended his testimonials to Frank.

"What do you think, Ben?" asked Frank in a low tone.

"Well, sir, we can't get out of here without some help; so you might as well engage him," replied Herrick after a moment's hesitation.

"How many boys have you, John ‡?" Frank asked the coolie, "and what do you want for them?"

"My hab twenty, forty, fifty, good man. How many you likee?"

"What's your price for twenty of them to work us to Hong Kong?"

"Can do for thirty lollar, ||" said the coolie.

"That's too much. I'll give twenty," said Frank sharply.

The coolie's small eyes twinkled, for he knew this offer was more than the ordinary price. Nevertheless, he still appeared reluctant to take it. Presently he replied, "All light. § Can do," and he went on deck, and, climbing nimbly over the junk's side, disappeared into the mass of boats around.

"What is it, Joe?" asked Frank, for the Kanaka raised his right hand as a sign that he wished to speak.

"He no coolie, sir!" replied Joe, pointing after the comprador. "He Mandalay man; no good. My watch him sharp, bimeby."

"Aye, aye!" exclaimed Ben, "I think Joe is right. Somehow neither did I think him a proper looking coolie. If the rest of his crew are like him, then they're a precious gang of cutthroats, I'll be bound!"

"I must have some crew to work the vessel. They may be trustworthy. And can't we take precautions against their treachery?" asked Frank uneasily.

"I hardly know, sir," answered the mate, rubbing his head; "but I've an idea that one of them guns for'ard there might be of some use to us here in the cabin. But whatever we are going to do must be done before they see we distrust them."

"Now, boys," said Frank, rising quickly, "bear a hand, and cast loose that second caronade, and then haul it into the inner cabin. Ben, you see to the gun; I'll go watch for that coolie and his gang," and Frank went on deck and climbed into the rigging, while Herrick and the rest dragged the cannon in and secured it. Herrick pointed its muzzle directly toward the cabin door, aiming it about breast-high.

"Now, lads, go below and bring up all the cartridges, rammers, gun-swabs, and cutlasses you can find; and don't forget to clear out the magazine."

The moment they were gone, Ben opened a heavy chest under one of the bunks, took out a powder-cartridge, and loaded the gun. Then, ripping open a canvas bag, he poured about ten pounds of musket-balls in after the powder. Stuffing a piece of cloth into the muzzle, he rammed all home with the butt-end of an oar;

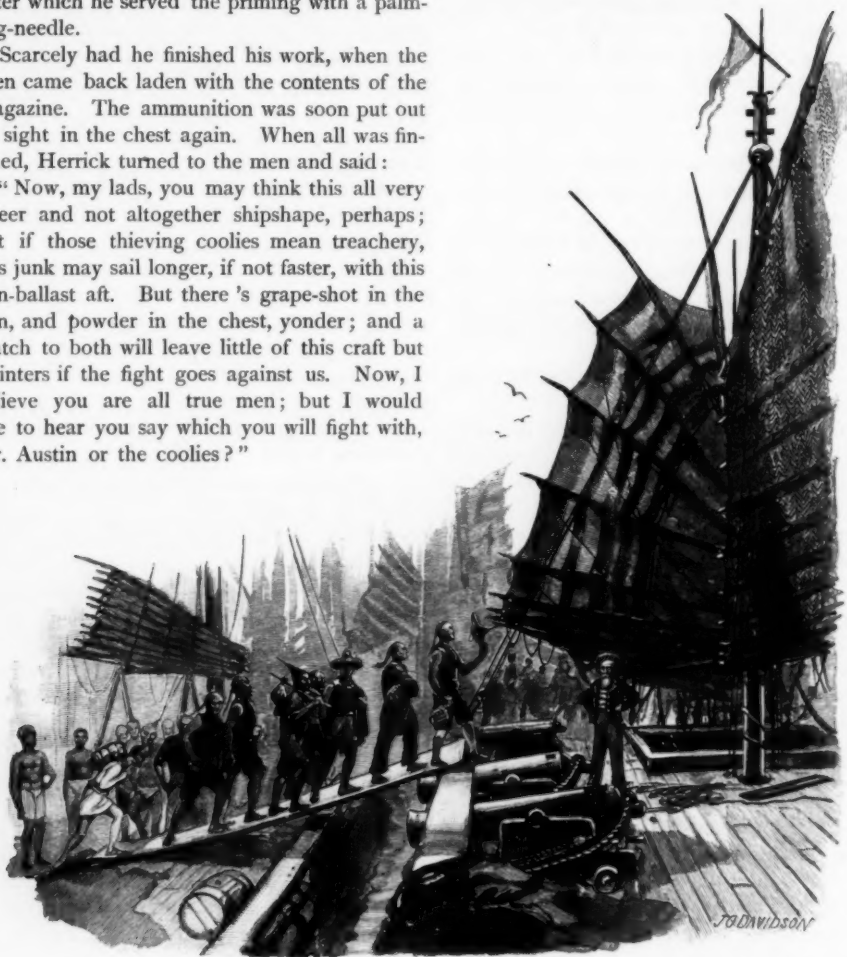
* "To talk. I am a coolie overseer." † Recommendation. ‡ A name used by Europeans for any Chinaman.

|| Dollar. § "All right."

after which he served the priming with a palm-
ing-needle.

Scarcely had he finished his work, when the men came back laden with the contents of the magazine. The ammunition was soon put out of sight in the chest again. When all was finished, Herrick turned to the men and said:

"Now, my lads, you may think this all very queer and not altogether shipshape, perhaps; but if those thieving coolies mean treachery, this junk may sail longer, if not faster, with this gun-ballast aft. But there's grape-shot in the gun, and powder in the chest, yonder; and a match to both will leave little of this craft but splinters if the fight goes against us. Now, I believe you are all true men; but I would like to hear you say which you will fight with, Mr. Austin or the coolies?"



THE NEW CREW COMES ABOARD.

"We'll stand by the captain, of course," they replied promptly and with evident good-will.

"Very well then, lads, come for'ard with me and spike every gun; and we must be sure the priming-covers are replaced so the spiking won't be seen."

Hardly was this work done, when a hail from Frank gave notice of the coming of the new crew.

Running to the side the men saw, jumping from boat to boat, a motley gang of coolies intermixed with local sailors. Mounting the

junk's side, the new-comers formed a line forward, taking their places as their leader called their names in succession.

When the last man was in line, the chief coolie, turning to Frank, salaamed and said respectfully: "Twenty proper men hab got, sir. You wantchee get under way?"

"Yes," replied Frank, "as soon as you can."

A few orders from the comprador sent the crew to their posts, and, amid great splashing and shoving, the junk was backed out of the press of boats. Skirting the edges of the throng they

turned toward an opening not before apparent. Entering this, they were soon gliding down stream again, through the more scattered portions of the floating village.

"They do their work well," remarked Frank, noting the regular beat of the sweeps as they rose and fell in the hands of the new crew, and vigorously urged the junk onward.

"Too well to please me!" growled Ben. "No picked up gang ever handled sweeps like that! Mind how they work together."

Frank could not but see the significance of this shrewd remark. For, despite their ragged and slovenly appearance, the men did everything with a precision and certainty which only long training together can give to a crew.

"Here comes a breeze, sir; just try them at the sails," was the mate's next suggestion. Frank gave the necessary orders. He kept a sharp lookout upon the sailors, and anxiously awaited the result. Gladly would he have seen them bungle over the work, but the result confirmed Ben's worst suspicions. Instead of rushing from the sweeps all together and scrambling for the

to the coolie, with pretended approval. "You've a smart set of fellows there!" But as he passed Frank he muttered: "It's all up with us, sir. They're old hands, just as I suspected. We'll have to fight afore long."

"But they won't dare do anything while we're here in the crowded river," responded Frank in a low tone.

"No, sir; not unless we let them see we suspect them. We must keep a sharp lookout for some ship on the way down, and get help if possible. If that chance fails us, we're gone, sure!"

CHAPTER III.

THE NIGHT ATTACK.

THE crew being now at liberty were lounging about the deck or lay sleeping in groups under the shadow of sail, deck-house, or mast; and a few gathered near the galley to eat the rations of rice and fish for tiffin.* Everything, so far as outward appearances went, denoted a calm and peaceful voyage with a good crew and a contented captain.



THE NEW CREW AT THE SWEEPS.

rigging in a body, as a new crew would have done, one half remained at the oars, while a few cleared away the heavy yards and mat sails, and others stood by the halyards to sheet home and belay. Then, at a word from their leader, the sails were run up on both masts at once.

"Well done, old slim-shanks!" shouted Ben

But, notwithstanding the apparent calm, old Ben's experienced eye read everything aright, and discovered pre-arranged treachery in spite of the cunning acting of the men. Well he knew that each one had concealed on his person some deadly weapon which he would not hesitate to use whenever occasion offered.

* Middy meal.

The day wore on. The setting sun went down in a blaze of glory. The damp mist brooded on the river, and the yellow moon again rode high in the heavens, as the boat went gliding toward the ocean. No sign of a friendly vessel greeted the anxious eyes of the captain and mate, as they watched from the high after-deck; but numbers of the native river-craft passed them by, or were seen lying at anchor.

After the watches for the night had been set, a long conference was held in the cabin between the officers and the faithful members of the former crew.

"I don't fear much for to-night, sir," said Ben; "but two of us had better stand watch at a time; and as Mr. Austin and I are near dead for want of sleep, I think, Proddy, that you and one of the Malay boys had better take first watch. If anything unusual happens, just knock three times on the deck with the butt of your pistol."

An hour later silence reigned over the junk. The new crew lay stretched about the deck, seemingly buried in slumber, and the watch passed to and fro; while Frank, Ben, and Joe, exhausted by heat and fatigue, slept heavily in the cabin.

It was midnight when Proddy, turning drowsily at the end of his usual beat, missed his fellow watcher, the Malay; then suddenly a sound as of scuffling, a muttered curse in Chinese, and the ring of a steel blade striking on the deck startled him.

"Hello dere, for'ard! who 's making dat racket?" demanded Proddy. There was no answer. He stepped out from the shadow of the mast and saw a sight that would have terrified the bravest.

Not ten feet distant was the Malay, writhing in the grasp of a dozen men who had muffled his cries and were attempting to make away with him. For Proddy, to draw his revolver and open fire on the assassins was the work of an instant; but the pistol's flash revealed the crouching bodies of half a dozen more of the crew gliding stealthily along in the shadows on both sides, to cut off his own retreat.

Desperately firing his last shot at the foremost, Proddy bounded back through the cabin-door, shutting and barring it just in time to escape a shower of blows aimed at him by his pursuers.

"A narrow escape that, Proddy!" exclaimed Frank, as, aroused by the noises at the door, he sprang from the berth and went to the negro's side.

"Where 's Malay Charlie?"

Proddy hastily told what he had seen of the crew's treachery, the attack upon the watch, and Malay Charlie's fate. "Nothing to be done now but fight it out, and worse luck!" muttered Ben, who had joined Frank almost at once.

"Keep out of the range of that door, Mr. Frank; they may fire through it!"

For a few minutes blows continued to shake the door; but then the pounding ceased, and retreating footsteps were heard going toward the bow.

After an interval, a noise as of the trundling of some heavy body reached them, and stopped when the body had been pushed to the cabin-door. This sound was followed by the whispering of several voices outside.

Crouching on the cabin-floor, Joe put his ear to the door and listened for a moment. He drew back trembling as he explained to his companions that one of the guns must have been unspiked, and now had been placed ready to blow open the door. The gun was being loaded, as they knew from the sound of a rammer driving the charge home.

"Now 's our time!" whispered Frank excitedly, moving quickly to the breech of the cannon in the cabin; "let's fire through the door!"

"No!" said Ben in a hurried whisper, seizing the young man's arm. "Cram yourselves into the corners, each side the door, and stand ready! Don't stir till after I fire!"

So saying he threw himself down behind the gun, lanyard in hand. Scarcely was he well sheltered behind the gun, than, with a blinding flash and thunderous roar, the door was splintered into a thousand fragments. The gun was loaded with powder only. Instantly the room filled with smoke.

Ben jumped to his feet and the carronade's answering report at once rang out through the shattered doorway, lighting up by its flash the mob of coolies as they pressed inward to enter the passage. The discharge tore a terrible lane through them, dashing a dozen to the deck.

For an instant the survivors of the carnage



HERRICK ATTEMPTS TO DESTROY THE JUNK.

stood dismayed at the unexpected and terrible counter-attack. Then, recovering themselves, they pressed forward and with savage yells swarmed into the cabin.

Bravely were they met by those within. Shouts, cries, and pistol-shots mingled with the clashing of ringing steel blades, and a desperate fight ensued in the narrow room. But superior numbers gradually forced back Frank's

wall, defending himself with one hand, while with the other he supported Frank, who had been disabled. One glance was sufficient to reveal all this to Herrick, and shouting "The cruise is up, Frank, my boy!" he charged through his assailants, bounded to the powder-chest and tearing open the top, ran the muzzle of his revolver deep into the powder intending to blow up the vessel.

(To be continued.)

THE PATHETIC BALLAD OF CLARINTHIA JANE LOUISA.

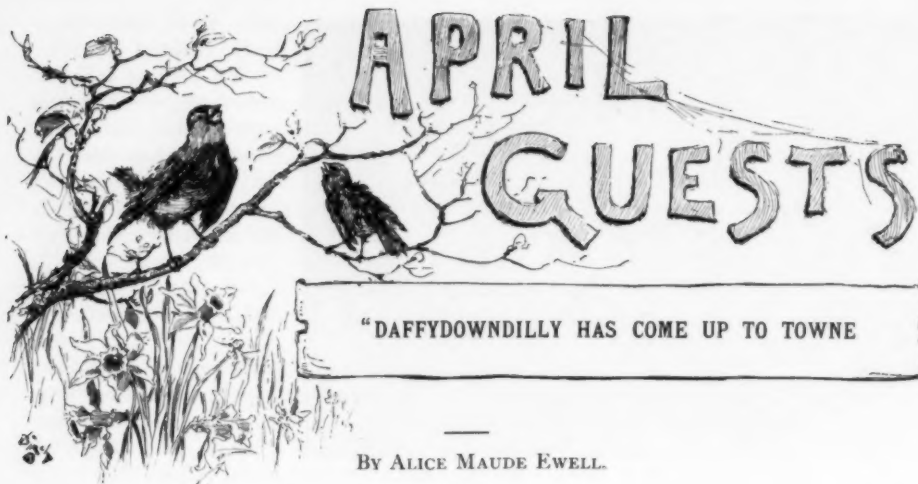
BY LAURA E. RICHARDS.

(To be sung to the tune of "The Monkey Married the Baboon's Sister.")

THIS is Clarinthia Jane Louisa,
Holding her brother Ebenezer.
Here he sits on the post to please her.
Happy little two!

Dog came by with a growl and a grumble,
Made Clarinthia start and stumble;
Poor Ebenezer got a tumble.
Boo, hoo, hoo, hoo!





"DAFFYDOWNDILLY HAS COME UP TO TOWNE

BY ALICE MAUDE EWELL.

*"Daffydowndilly has come up to Towne
In a white Petticoate and a greene Gowne."*

Daffydowndilly, ye Spring it is faire;
Gold's on ye Tree toppes tall, gold's in ye aire;
Over ye blue, blue Skye little clouds creep,
Idle as straying Lambs lost of Bo-Peepe;
Here 's little West-wind blythe, soft-stepping
downe;
And Daffydowndilly has come up to Towne.



Daffydowndilly, here's faire Companie,
Drest all soe lady-fine, welcoming Thee.
Here be Miss Violet, daintie and shy,
Dame Perrywinkle — frock blue as ye Skye;

Here the young Jonquille, abashed, looking
downe
Since Daffydowndilly has come up to Towne.



Here be ye Grasses all, thriftiest Folk,
Heeding not wind nor rain, smiling through
Smoke.
E'en 'twixt ye cobblestones bravely they're
peeping,
E'en on ye Roof soe high they're a-house-
keeping;
All o'er our Plat they've been greening ye
browne
'Gainst Daffydowndilly should come up to
Towne.



Daffydowndilly, brave Sights you shall see:
Wise Men of Gotham — most wonderfull
Three;
See Humpty-Dumpty; ye King and ye Queene.
She's making tartest tarts ever were seen;



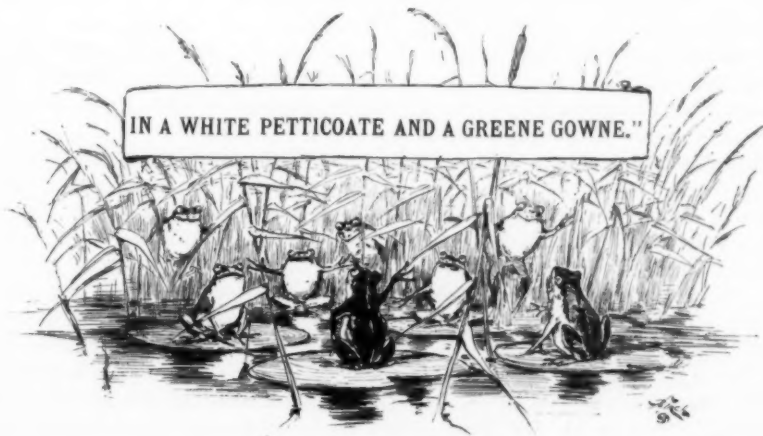
He's counting his money; he'll put on his
Crowne,
Now Daffydowndilly has come up to Towne.

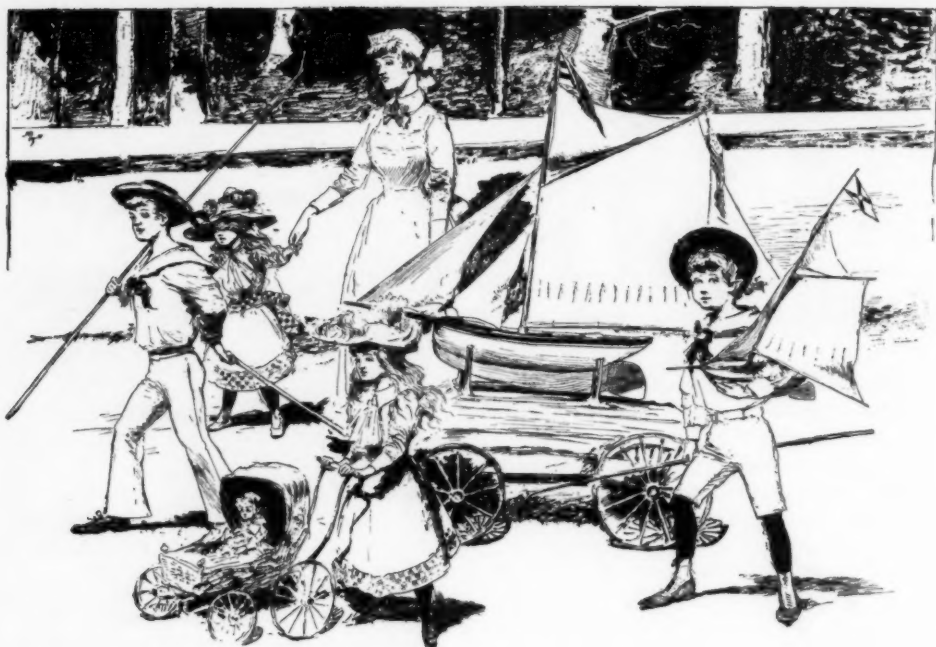


Sing, little Byrdies all! Sing, sing aloud,
Cock-Robin Red o' breast, valiant and proud!
Sweet Phebe Peewee, come, swell out your
throat!

Chirp, Dicky Sparrow, with liveliest note!
Chaunt all ye Frogs in ye Rushes soe browne!
For Daffydowndilly has come up to Towne.

*"Daffydowndilly has come up to Towne,
In a white Petticoate and a greene Gowne."*





GOING TO THE POND IN CENTRAL PARK.

A LESSON IN HAPPINESS.

BY W. J. HENDERSON.

ONE morning Eben Bonabben, the sage, said to his pupil Hafiz:

"My son, what would you be?"

"I would be rich and great," said Hafiz.

The sage shook his head and answered in a grave tone:

"It is very difficult to be either of these, and it is almost impossible to be both."

But Hafiz persisted in his desire and declared that at any rate the emperor was rich and great.

Then Eben Bonabben said:

"Let us go forth into the city that we may learn how these things are."

So saying, he took up his staff and led the

way into the busy streets, Hafiz walking in expectancy by his side. Presently they came to a bookseller's, and Hafiz, looking at the shelves, exclaimed:

"Behold! Here is a new book written by Imam, the most delectable writer of our people. Surely, he is great, and I am persuaded that he must be very rich, for all the world praises him."

"Come, then," said Eben Bonabben, "let us go to the house of Imam, and he himself shall show us his riches, for he is my familiar friend."

And the sage turned aside from the principal avenue of the city and led the way down a humble side street, where the pavements were

not of stone, and the children wore no sandals. And when they had gone a long distance, they paused before a small house, at the window of which sat an old man, bent double, writing rapidly.

"That," said Eben Bonabben to Hafiz, "is Imam. I shall address him. Ho, Imam!" he continued, lifting up his voice, "what do you there?"

And Imam, without raising his head, replied:

"I write, and write, and write."

"What write you?"

"Words, words, words. I arise early and retire late. And all the day, save when I go to the publishers, I write; and my soul is weary, but there is no rest."

"But are you not rich?"

"Yes, I have a wife and four children whom I love better than diamonds; and that I may not lose these riches I write, and write, and write, or they will perish of hunger."

"But to write is easy."

"Ten long years, Eben Bonabben, did I write before men would read. And in that time I read many hundreds of books in order that I might learn. And my brain was filled, but my stomach yearned for food."

"But surely you are a great man."

"Men tell me so; but I would rather be rich. Tell your pupil that if he would be rich, he must not write. Farewell."

And Hafiz perceived that Imam spoke the truth. Then Eben Bonabben led the way to the house of Abdul Kar, the wealthy merchant. It was yet early in the day, and Abdul Kar was just setting out for his warehouse.

"I pray you stay but a moment," said Eben Bonabben, "and tell my pupil whether you are rich and great."

"I have many thousands of money in my strong boxes," said Abdul; "but the Sacred College of Immortals laughs at me and says that I am an ignorant man who has nothing but money."

"Yet it is easy to get money."

"Is it, indeed? Truly, Eben Bonabben, you speak of what you know not. From early morn till late at night for twoscore years I have labored like a pack-mule of the mountains, and at last I am rich. And still must I labor early

and late in order that I may keep my riches. And I may not enjoy them, but shall die and leave them to my heirs, who will quarrel over them. Farewell! I must hasten to my shop, or I shall be robbed by my salesmen."

And Hafiz perceived that Abdul Kar labored as hard to be rich as Imam did to be great, and that neither was satisfied. Then he said to Eben Bonabben:

"I have heard that Ahmed is a wonderful painter. Surely he is rich and great and his work is easy."

"Let us go to his house," said Eben Bonabben, leading the way once more.

Ahmed received them courteously in his studio, where he was at work. Hafiz admired the beautiful picture on the easel, and said:

"And will you paint another to-morrow?"

"No," replied Ahmed, "nor in a hundred to-morrows."

Hafiz did not understand, and Ahmed, perceiving his difficulty, continued:

"It is first necessary to make the picture here," and with that he laid his hand upon his heart; "and next, it must be made here," and he laid his hand upon his brain; "and next it must be made here," and he pointed with his left hand to his right hand.

"I will discover your meaning to my pupil," said Eben Bonabben. "First, you must have boundless love out of which the beautiful is conceived; second, you must have deep thought, by which the beautiful is defined; and third, you must have the trained hand, by which the beautiful is revealed. Do I speak rightly?"

"Like the sage that you are, Eben Bonabben," answered Ahmed. "But, for the training of the hand, the heart and the brain must be patient through years of irksome toil."

"But you are great," said Eben Bonabben.

"Men say so," answered Ahmed, bowing his head.

"And you are rich," said Eben Bonabben.

"In my art, yes. But horses and camels and oxen have I none, and of silver and gold I have sufficient for my wants, which are not many."

Then Eben Bonabben and Hafiz departed in silence. But presently Hafiz, regaining his courage, said:

THE FORTUNES OF TOBY TRAFFORD.

By J. T. TROWBRIDGE.

[*Begun in the November number.*]

CHAPTER XXV.

TOBY'S SIGNBOARDS.

TOBY TRAFFORD had an exciting story to tell when he went home to supper; so many, and such unexpected, things had happened that afternoon.

His mother was surprised, and timidly doubtful as to the result of his undertaking; and of course Mildred had to indulge in some sisterly sarcasms at his expense. But they both were well pleased at the spirit he showed.

"You see," he said, "the risk is very little, only a coat of paint for the doctor's boat, which I can put on myself, and a good scrubbing for the other. Then, if I buy the boat of the man at the Springs, I am sure I can sell it again, if I wish to, for about the price he asks. I am only sorry I did n't begin a little earlier in the season, so as to have the thing now in full blast. There are a good many summer boarders in town already, and it will be full next week. And I believe I can scoop in some of the travel to the Springs."

"Be careful you don't get 'scooped in' yourself by the omnibus company," replied Mildred, "if you attempt to get away any of its patronage."

"The omnibus company is the railroad company," said Toby; "and it will be a short-sighted policy that can't see that my boats will help it more than they will hurt it, in the long run."

"Mr. Tazwell is one of the directors of the company," Mrs. Trafford remarked; "and starting the line of coaches was his pet scheme."

"P-h-e-w!" Toby whistled. "I had forgotten that. I'll have my pet scheme, too, and set up an opposition. Why not? I have just as much right to run boats across the lake as anybody has to run stages around it. Is that Mrs. Patterson in the kitchen? I want to see

her. Mrs. Patterson!" he called, through the half-open door. The mother of Yellow Jacket appeared. "Have you any objection, Mrs. Patterson, to my nailing to the corner of your fence, opposite the depot, an upright strip of wood, with a signboard on it, about so long and so wide?" Toby inquired, making measurements in the air with his hands, over the supper-table.

"Not the least mite of objection in the world," replied the easy-natured mother of the wasp-catcher.

"So that is settled," said Toby, after she had withdrawn. "Now, the next thing is the sign. Milly, you're very clever at making printing letters. If I can get you to make some, with a pencil, on a board, then I can paint them as well as I did the name on the boat, and better, too, after that practice."

"Oh, I can't make letters large enough for that! I never did in my life," Milly protested.

"You can if you try. And you must. For this is a job I don't want to hire anybody to do." Toby rose from the table, in haste to execute his project. "I've got a board; shall I bring it to the house, or will you come to the barn, where I shall do the painting?"

"Oh dear, Toby, I can't! If you are going into the sign-painting business, you must find another partner," she replied, petulantly.

He argued and entreated, and finally went to the barn to find the board he intended to use. This he took to a small work-bench, dressed it with a plane, divided it with a saw, and smoothed the edges; then chose one of the pieces, and, while waiting for Mildred, proceeded to try his own hand at outlining the letters.

Then came a light footstep behind him, and a musical laugh pealed forth.

"Oh, Toby!" said Milly; "who ever suspected you of being such an artist?"

"I thought I was doing pretty well," replied Toby, poised his pencil to criticize his work.

"Well' is no name for it; I never saw such original letters! That T looks as if it was just going to swing its hat and hurrah for the Fourth of July."

"How should it be, I'd like to know? I thought I would surely get that right; so I laid it out with a pair of compasses."

"I thought so! What a bright idea! An O is generally oval; but of course you would n't do anything so commonplace as that. And

why don't you finish your S? As it is, it looks like a water-melon rind, very badly warped."

Toby began to laugh with her.

"I thought, myself, it looked like a cat's tail curling both ways in a fit. What's the matter with the A?"

"You must have laid that out with a square," said Milly. "The two rafters meet almost at right angles, and put one in a dreadfully anxious state of mind, for fear they may spread still more, and let the roof fall in. You must make the cross-piece of your A very firm and strong, to prevent such an accident."

"But, joking aside," said the artist of these extraordinary works, "what do you think of the entire word—



"HOW SHOULD IT BE, I'D LIKE TO KNOW?" ASKED TOBY.

"I was afraid I had got the T a little tipsy," Toby admitted.

"And the B; it's a stroke of genius! Everybody else makes the lower loop of a B larger than the upper; but yours are as exactly alike as a pair of ox-bows."

"I took pains to make them just the same size; but I thought they did n't look quite right."

"There may be a prejudice in favor of the other style; but do let me stand here a minute and admire yours! And the O!" Milly exclaimed. "It is actually ROUND!"

BOATS? Should n't you say it was about the right size, and that there was enough room left for us to put under it for THE THREE SPRINGS in small letters. And here's another idea. Why not have a hand pointing? Of course my work must be changed in places."

"Don't change anything!" said Milly. "People will think you jumbled the letters on purpose, to convey an idea of boats tossed on the waves."

"But I don't want to convey that idea; I want to give an impression of smooth water, and a pleasant voyage. So, you see, Milly,

you 'll have to help me out. In fact, I was only starting the thing, to show you how ridiculous it will be unless you draw the letters for me."

"What color are you going to have your background?" she inquired.

"I 'm not going to paint that at all; the plain board will look well enough, for one season. It 's a very simple thing, you see, Milly, if you 'll only take hold with me. Just try once, on the other piece of board."

"I shall have to carry it into the house, and work at it this evening," said Milly. "I did n't think I could do it well enough to suit you; but since I have seen—Oh, Toby!"

"All right! you may laugh," cried Toby gaily, hastening to pass a smoothing-plane over his own ludicrous lettering. "There! now you may as well take both boards; for I am going to have another sign at the wharf—BOATS TO LET. And oh, Milly!"

"What now?" said Milly.

"Don't forget about the hand. There 's to be a fist, you know, with one finger pointing down the street. So!" Toby illustrated.

"But I never can draw a hand."

"Yes, you can; you 'll think so, yourself, if you leave me to try first, as I did with the letters. I was going to clap my fist on the board, and mark around it. See?"

"What a head!" exclaimed Milly with ironic admiration.

"Why not?" said Toby. "I 'll be with you in a little while; and we 'll have lots of fun over it."

With a little laugh over her shoulder, Milred carried the boards to the house.

CHAPTER XXVI.

HOW THE SCOW WAS PAID FOR.

"Now," said Toby, "I 've just got time to go and give the doctor's boat a good washing, before dark."

Providing himself with a pail and an old broom, a wash-cloth and a sponge, he went down to the wharf; where he was dashing water and scrubbing industriously, glad at heart, enjoying the lovely twilight and the beauty of the lake, without consciously notic-

ing them, when Mr. Brunswick, the ice-man, passed down the street, on his way home from the village.

"Wal, Toby!" he said, stopping at the wharf, and giving the boy one of his broadest smiles, "what ye go'n to do with so many boats?"

"I am going to keep 'em to let," said Toby, "as long as I 've no other business."

"That ain't a bad idee! You 've left the store, Bob says. That wa'n't a bad idee, nuther. 'T wa'n't no place for you, Toby. I thought you 'd find it out."

"Yes, I found it out." Toby, in his rubber boots, and with his arms bare, stood beside the boat he was cleansing, and frankly addressed the ice-man. "I was going over to see you, Mr. Brunswick, soon as this work was done."

"Ye want to borry more scows?" grinned the ice-man.

"Not yet. I wanted to speak to you about the one I did borrow. The pay for it."

"The pay for it?" Mr. Brunswick appeared as if he did n't quite understand.

"If you are in a hurry for the money," said Toby, "I can get it for you pretty soon, I think; a friend has offered to lend it to me. But it will suit me better if you can wait till I earn it."

"That 's the right sort of talk, Toby!" The elder Bob smiled benevolently. "I like to see a young chap, or any chap, toe the mark when he 's got an obligation to meet. But if you thought for a minute I ever meant to make *you* pay for that loss,—a boy like you!—you 're as much mistaken as if you 'd kicked your grandfather."

"I don't just know how much mistaken that would be," replied Toby. "But I told you from the first I would pay for the scow, if nobody else did. And I 'm going to do it."

"And I thought," said the ice-man, "if Tazwell did n't pay, that would place me in a mean sort of pickle. For I could n't let you do it. To be sure, you borried it; but 't wa'n't no fault of yours that it got set fire to. You did just as I 'd 'ave done."

"It 's very generous in you to say that!" Toby exclaimed gratefully.

"Mabby't wa'n't the most prudent thing," Mr. Brunswick went on. "But if that whelp of a Tom

had set out to strike a match on a boat-load of hay when I 'd be'n there, I 'd 'ave flung fust his matches overboard, and then him too, like another Jonah."

He took an envelope from his pocket, and drew out a piece of paper, which he unfolded.

"Now, I'm happy to say the thing is settled."

"Settled! How so?" cried Toby.

"I guess Tazwell is beginnin' to take about the same view of the matter I do. Jest read that."

He passed the billet to Toby, who read in the greatest astonishment:

DEAR SIR: I take pleasure in handing you my check for twenty dollars, which I hear is the amount of damages you claim for the loss of your boat, burned in the transportation of my hay. Respectfully,

THOMAS TAZWELL.

Toby looked up, speechless and incredulous.

"And the check?" he said.

"Oh, I've got that safe," chuckled the ice-man, tapping his pocket. "I wonder what brought him to terms? For I heard of his sayin' on the street that I might whistle for my money. Mad at somethin' I had said, I suppose."

"After his talk with me, I did n't believe he would do it!" Toby exclaimed. "I shall think better of him now."

"I don't know but I will, and I don't know as I will," said the ice-man, with a smile skimming around the corners of his mouth. "You can't be sure what his motive was. But I guess th' ain't nothin' the matter with the check!"

"There's a great deal of real good-nature in people, spite of all the meanness we see and hear of," Toby mused when once more left alone.

He was not thinking of the act of justice his own conduct had probably shamed Mr. Tazwell into performing in this unexpected way. But Mr. Brunswick's sympathizing words were still warm in his breast; and he remembered Dr. Patty's kindness, and all that Mr. Allerton was doing for him, out of pure good-will. And his heart overflowed with gratitude that there were such good men in the world.

The twilight deepened, and the young moon glimmered, reflected in the dancing ripples of the lake, when Toby turned his back upon his

finished task and walked up the road, carrying his pail and broom.

He was impatient to see how Milly was getting on with the lettering of the sign; and was delighted to find how well she was doing the work.

"I declare, Milly!" he said, "it's just as well done as any sign-painter could do it. Is n't it, Mother?"

Mrs. Trafford, who sat by the table with her sewing, watching her children with motherly interest, thought it very promising.

"Now, if I can put on the paint without overrunning the lines, it will be just perfect," said Toby.

"I suppose you'll spoil it with your daubing," said Mildred gaily. "Now, about the index; that is going to be the bother."

She held the board before her, examining her lines in the lamplight.

"Why, no! Do as I said," cried Toby. He laid his fist against it, for her to mark around. "There you have it!"

"How can I mark around anything that does n't lie flat on the surface?" Milly asked. "It is n't enough, Toby, that you are rather flat yourself; your fist is too bunched. Come! I've a better idea than that."

She placed the board against a pile of books, at one end of the table, and set the lamp at the other; then made Toby hold his hand, with thumb raised and forefinger outstretched, where the shadow from it would fall in the right place, on a corner of the sign.

"But, don't move; if you do, you will spoil it."

"Then let me rest my elbow somewhere," he said, reaching for a chair. "Now go ahead!"

With one knee on a cricket, and his arm on the back of the chair, he pointed as if his finger and thumb had been a cocked pistol, aimed at his mother's work-bag. The silhouette cast on the board was perfect; and Milly leaning across from the other side of the table, where she could work without being in her own light, made haste to pencil the outline.

Toby wanted to get his cup of black paint and begin filling in the letters that night; but with a smile, Mrs. Trafford pointed at the clock.

"Yes, I know!" he said, yielding reluctant

obedience. "I must go to bed. But I shall be up at daylight in the morning."

CHAPTER XXVII.

WHAT TOBY SAW THROUGH A GLASS.

THE next day, Toby had his own boat and the Whitehall boat ready for patrons, who, however, did not appear. He soon began to think they never would appear.

True, the signboards were not yet mounted;

It was a more trying and toilsome task than the painting of the name of the "Milly." The angles of the smaller letters, and the finger and thumb of the hand, gave him especial trouble. Where the lines were straight, he sometimes used strips of tin as a foil to his brush; but as often flung them away, thinking he could do better without them. It was fortunate the backgrounds were unpainted; his daubs could afterward be erased from the plain board.

The color dried rapidly on the soft pine;



"THE SILHOUETTE WAS PERFECT."

but in the first flush of hope, he had seemed to expect that an appreciative public would get word of his enterprise without them, and flock to its support. How often, he remembered, in seasons past, boats to let had been inquired for when there were none; and now that they were provided, no one seemed to care for them.

Milly had outlined the letters of the second sign, "Boats to Let," and he had painted both signs in the morning. He had begun them before breakfast, and finished them roughly by the middle of the forenoon.

and in the afternoon he went to work again, trimming and scraping, with sandpaper and knife and bits of glass. Sometimes he stopped to talk with Milly, who came into the barn now and then, to give him the benefit of her criticisms. And all the while he kept an eye out for possible patrons coming to his wharf.

Once, when gazing from the open door, he noticed something of interest taking place on the lake. Yellow Jacket's boat, containing Yellow Jacket and three companions, put out from the shore at the foot of Tazwell's lane, and

rowed to the scene of the burning of the scow. There it paddled about in an uncertain sort of way, or lay adrift on the tranquil water, while Toby could see all heads bowed over the sides, as if peering into the depths below.

"It is Tom, looking for his rifle," he said, talking aloud to himself, as boys, and even men, sometimes will.

Tom had seemed to be quite indifferent to the recovery of his gun, while negotiating for Aleck's. Toby inferred that that trade had fallen through.

"It's Aleck with him, and Butter Ball, and that is Yellow Jacket throwing off his clothes. He is going to dive!"

Toby ran into the house and brought out his mother's opera-glass. Yellow Jacket had not yet made a plunge. He was in the water, however, bobbing his head under now and then, and holding his face submerged, as if to get a better view of the bottom of the lake than was possible with his eyes above the reflecting surface.

"They are too early in the day," said Toby, observing every movement through his glass. "They can see better after the sun gets off the water. Besides," lowering his glass and measuring distances with his naked eye, "they are not within five or six rods of the spot where Tom threw his gun overboard. I could tell them that."

Tom himself seemed to think so; for Toby could see him pointing in the right direction. Yellow Jacket climbed into the boat and stationed himself at the bow, while it slowly moved farther up the lake. He put up his hand. The oars were poised; the ripples subsided; all heads once more bowed over the sides.

"They are not in the right place yet," said Toby; "they are too far in toward the cove. I steered that scow, and I know just the course it took. Ah! there goes Yellow Jacket!"

Yellow Jacket stood up on the bow—a fine model for a statue of a diver—his wet hair pushed backward, his hands thrown upward and forward, and the palms pressed together. He poised himself a moment, then made a magnificent curving leap. His heels went up, his head went down, following his hands, which cut the wave; there was a silvery splash

in the sunshine, and he had disappeared. A very pretty sight through Toby's glass.

He was gone about a minute—and a minute seems a long while, not only to a diver, but to spectators waiting to see him come up. Would he find the gun? And even if he did, would he be able to bring it to the surface? His companions in the boat could hardly have been more interested in the result than was Toby, standing in the barn-door with his glass.

The rings of ripples from the plunge had reached the shore of the cove on one side, and spread far out across the lake on the other; the water was still again all about the boat, and the boys in it were shading their eyes, looking down intently to discover the diver, when his dripping head came quietly to the surface two or three rods away.

Toby saw it before they did. Yellow Jacket tossed back his wet hair, shook the little streams of water from his face, and threw up his empty hands.

"No gun!" said Toby, with a laugh. The voices of the diver and his companions came to him across the lake. Yellow Jacket climbed back into the boat, and in a little while dove again in another place. Toby watched to see him emerge once more empty-handed, then resumed his work.

He looked out occasionally and saw that Yellow Jacket, after diving two or three times with no better success, finally put on his clothes.

"They have given it up, for the present at any rate," Toby said. Then, as the boat, instead of returning, moved off up the lake: "They will come back and try again after the sun gets behind the trees."

He was leaning over a signboard which he had set aslant on the work-bench, when somebody stepped across the threshold behind him. As he had both hands occupied, one holding a strip of tin over a letter to protect it, while the other scraped some smears from the edge of it, he could not conveniently look around. But he had no doubt the comer was Milly.

"What have you got to say now?" he asked. "Some disagreeable fault-finding, of course! Well! look, and be as saucy as you can!"

So saying, he drew back to let his finished letters be seen.

"I have no occasion to be saucy or disagreeable," said a very different voice from the one he had expected to hear.

"Mr. Allerton!" he exclaimed, in consternation. "I beg ten thousand hundred million pardons!"

"For what?" said the schoolmaster quietly.

"For my blunder! For speaking so to you," replied the stammering and blushing Toby. "I — I thought it was — somebody else!"

"Then ask pardon of that somebody else, not of me," said Mr. Allerton with a smile.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

"STRIVE, MY BOY! STRIVE!"

"As for the fault-finding," the schoolmaster continued, cutting short Toby's awkward apologies. "I have scarcely any to offer. I would n't have believed you could design the letters so well. You really have talent, Tobias!"

"It is n't my talent, I am sorry to say," the boy replied; "it's my sister Mildred's. She drew the letters, and I have been doing all I could to spoil them with my daubing."

"Indeed, you have n't spoiled them, by any means. After a little touching up they will look very well. The signs won't be ready for mounting till to-morrow, I suppose. For that reason would n't this afternoon be the best time to row across to the Springs and look at that other boat?"

"Perhaps — but —," said Toby, doubtfully, "I've been thinking the thing over, and wondering whether it would n't be better for me to see what I can do with the boats I have, before getting any more."

"That's a prudent consideration," replied the schoolmaster.

"The whole thing may turn out to be a miserable failure," said Toby.

"To be sure; quite possible," Mr. Allerton admitted, arranging his mat of hair, while he fanned his face with his hat.

That was not the sort of answer to his doubts Toby had hoped to hear.

"I don't think I ought to risk very much to begin with."

"I certainly should n't advise you to," said the schoolmaster.

"I don't see how I am to get that other boat," Toby went on, more and more needing encouragement, "without paying for it, and I don't want to borrow the money, even of you."

"Quite right; it is a wise conclusion," said Mr. Allerton. "But I have an idea of my own about that. If it is such a boat as you describe, I think I will buy it for my own use, get you to take care of it at your wharf, and give you the letting of it, when you have a chance, to pay you for your trouble."

"Oh, Mr. Allerton! you are too generous!" Toby exclaimed. "I shall be only too glad to take care of it for you without any pay."

"We will arrange that. If it is a good row-boat, and also carries a sail well, it is just what I would like, and I've no doubt you will find a use for it."

"I hated to give up that sail!" said Toby, with rising enthusiasm.

"And now," resumed the teacher, "if you have no objection, we will take a leisurely pull up the lake and look at the craft."

Toby was delighted. He hastened to put on his coat and get a pair of oars.

"I am going to make a long box, that I can lock up all my oars in, at the wharf," he said, as they started off. "I shall have plenty of leisure, while waiting for customers. Too much leisure, I am afraid," he added with a laugh.

"That is the great danger of an occupation of that sort," Mr. Allerton replied. "It may lead to lazy habits. You must guard against those."

"But how can I?" Toby asked. "If I attend to my business, I must spend much of my time waiting."

"To be sure. But you can always have something to take up your mind, and fill an odd quarter of an hour. There is nothing better for that purpose than a good book. Continue some of the studies you were obliged to break off when you left school. Read history, biography, a good magazine; you will find even a popular work on astronomy or geology extremely interesting. You can be storing your mind and picking up bits of information which will be of more value to you than all the money you will make with your boats. Few people are aware how much useful knowledge can be

acquired in the course of a year merely by taking advantage of the leisure moments that might otherwise be wasted. When I was of your age I took up Latin for my own mental satisfaction, and, by giving an hour a day to it, read all of Virgil before I ever had a Latin teacher."

"Oh, I never could do that!" Toby exclaimed.

"Perhaps not. And it is n't, everybody I would advise to undertake it: though a knowledge, even a slight knowledge, of some other language, like Latin, or French, or German, is a wonderful aid in teaching us the laws and analogies of our own. The commonest words we use are full of curious interest. What is that little animal running on the fence?" Mr. Allerton suddenly asked.

"A red squirrel," said Toby.

"Take that word 'red,'" continued the schoolmaster. "It comes to us directly from the Anglo-Saxon, which forms the skeleton, so to speak, of our English; but it is a root which can be traced in many other languages, thus showing that they are all related to one another, and to some language probably older than any. And the word 'squirrel'; what do you think it means?"

"It means a saucy little fellow that steals chestnuts and sweet apples, and sometimes destroys bird's eggs," replied Toby, laughing.

"But the word itself—you have used it hundreds of times, and never suspected that it is from two Greek words, signifying 'shade-tail.' You will never forget that."

"No; it so exactly describes the thing! 'shade-tail!'" Toby repeated, watching the squirrel at that moment clinging to the stem of a tree, with its tail rolled over its back.

"How many words would be just as interesting if we could get at their original meaning!" Mr. Allerton went on. "Of very many we can. What is that bird on the elm-boughs?"

"An oriole; fire-breasted hang-bird, some people call it, from the color of its breast, and the way it hangs its nest in the tall trees," said Toby. "Another name for it is the golden robin."

"All good names," said the schoolmaster. "The last means nearly the same as the first.

'Oriole' is a modification of the Latin *aureola*, from *aurum*, gold. It comes to us through the French. 'Aureole,' the halo of golden light with which painters enrich the heads of saints, is the same word, with a different application. Then we have 'auriferous,' gold-bearing, as 'auriferous quartz,' from *aurum* and *fero*. From the root of *fero*, to bear, we have a great many words—'prefer,' to bear before; 'differ,' to bear asunder; and so forth. There's no end to these derivations and analogies. What is that boy carrying on his shoulder?"

"We call that a 'bat,'" said Toby.

"It is for 'striking' a ball," said his friend. "The word 'bat' is from the same root as the word 'beat' which is Anglo-Saxon; but undoubtedly related to the French *battre*, to beat, which comes from the Latin. From these we have two families of words, which we may call second cousins. You 'batter' a wall. A cook makes a 'batter' by beating up ingredients. Opposing forces meet, and there is a 'battle.' Hence also 'battalion,' 'battledore,' 'battue' (a beating of the bushes for game), 'combat,' and so on indefinitely. It is useful to know enough of Latin merely to understand the force of the prefixes with which it has fairly peppered and salted our language."

"I believe I must learn a little Latin—if only a little," said Toby.

"I shall be only too glad to direct you in that or any other study," Mr. Allerton replied. "To say nothing of what may come of it in the future, you will be a great deal happier to have your time and your thoughts occupied when business is slack. Don't settle down into a contented idler. Don't drift; set a sail of some sort. Have a port in view, and steer for it, even if you never reach it. Strive, my boy! strive!" he said, with each word giving Toby a light, quick tap on the shoulder.

CHAPTER XXIX.

AT THE BOTTOM OF THE LAKE.

THEY were standing on the wharf. Toby had his boat alongside, holding it with an oar, which he used in pushing it off, after they had stepped aboard.

Mr. Allerton insisted on rowing; and Toby, reluctantly consenting, took the tiller. Mr.

Allerton laid aside his coat, which he folded carefully, and placed in the bow, with his hat. Then he arranged his little twist of blond hair, and tied a handkerchief on his head. Seating himself with his back to the afternoon sun, he adjusted the oars to the rowlocks, and pulled with even, steady strokes, like a man who—as Toby suggested—had seen a boat before.

Toby described the scene on the lake which he had witnessed that afternoon; and said he would like just for the fun of the thing to steer to the spot where he thought Yellow Jacket ought to have dived for the gun.

"Now, slow, if you please, Mr. Allerton!" he said, leaning forward with one hand on the tiller, and the other resting on the rail. "We are on the right course; and it is just ahead. Oh, don't I remember this spot, off the broad cove, and what happened here, once upon a time! There! hold your oars, if you please! Now back water!"

He took a careful survey of the surroundings, the deep indentation of the cove, the cattails growing by the shore, the trees on the banks, the ice-house across the lake, and other landmarks; and declared his belief that they were within two or three rods of the very place where the boat-load of hay was discovered to be on fire.

"It was very soon after that," he said, "that Tom threw his gun and his dog overboard, and went over himself after them. I laugh whenever I think of it! Though I did n't see much to laugh at, at the time."

He knelt in the bottom of the boat, with his head bent low over the side.

"It's a good day to look for things on the bottom," he said; "Tom and Yellow Jacket could n't have chosen a better. The water is so still and clear; there has been no storm lately to stir it up. Now, if the boat will stop rocking and making ripples!"

"But it is n't a very clean bottom," said Mr. Allerton, with his head also bent over the shady side of the boat. "All I can see is the reflection of my own face, with the handkerchief on my head."

"If it was a gravelly bottom, it would be easy enough to find anything," said Toby; "for the water here is n't more than fifteen feet deep. I

have measured it with a fish-line many a time. It's a muddy bottom, so near the color of the gun that I don't believe Tom or anybody else will ever see it again."

"He might dredge for it," said Mr. Allerton. "If it was my gun, I would get a long-toothed iron rake, lengthen the handle by lashing some sort of pole to it, and rake till I found it. But it seems as if we ought to see it, if it is here. I believe I can distinguish the bottom; a brown mud, with the sunshine on it."

"I see that," Toby replied. "And—oh!" he suddenly exclaimed,—"off here at your right, Mr. Allerton!"

"Something lighter-colored than the mud?" said the schoolmaster. "I believe you are right!"

"But what can it be?" said Toby. "It does n't look like any part of the barrel or stock of a rifle. It looks like the butt-end!"

"That's just what it is!" Mr. Allerton exclaimed. "The gun evidently went down muzzle foremost, and it is sticking up in the mud. In the last position I should have thought of looking for it!"

"It is clear as anything to me, now you explain it," Toby declared. "I can see a part of the stock, where it slants down into the mud. It is a very soft bottom all along here; nearer the shore you can thrust a fish-pole into it six or eight feet, with the slightest pressure."

"I believe, if we had a very simple arrangement, we could fish up that gun, by getting a line around it. We have n't anything, have we?" Mr. Allerton inquired.

"I have nothing but a fish-line," said Toby. "We might borrow one of Mr. Brunswick's long-handled ice-hooks, and get it up with that; if I cared to do Tom Tazwell a good turn," he added, as if suddenly losing his interest.

"Don't you care to?" Mr. Allerton asked.

"I don't know why I should!" said Toby, with gloomy recollections of his wrongs.

"You ought to find satisfaction in doing him a good turn," replied the schoolmaster. "Did you ever think seriously of what a certain book says of returning good for evil?"

Toby remained silent and thoughtful for a moment. Then he said:

"We have been lucky in hitting the exact

spot; if we row away without leaving some mark, it may not be easy to find it again. I've an idea."

"What is it?"

"If I could get at the locker here, at the stern, without rocking the boat—see how easy it rocks! Never mind; it will have a chance to get still again."

Toby took from the locker a pair of galvanized iron rowlocks.

"We can fasten an end of my fish-line to one of these," he said, "drop it down beside the gun, and leave a float tied to the other end. Then if we meet Tom—for he went off up the lake with the other boys—I can tell him where he will find his rifle."

"Capital!" exclaimed Mr. Allerton.

And they proceeded to carry out Toby's plan. When the surface of the lake became once more quiet, the rowlock was let down carefully until it rested on the bottom, plainly visible, within two or three feet of the gun. For a float, Toby used the cork the fish-line had been wound upon, making it fast by the fish-hook at the end. When he dropped it on the water, he was pleased to see that no part of the line was left visible at the surface. It looked like an old cork adrift, and nothing more.

Then they rowed away, up the lake.

"There's the little strip of meadow where we got the hay we burned up," said Toby, after they had passed the field of cattails by the shore. "That belongs to Mr. Tazwell. Our lakeside lot is just around that point of rocks."

"Do you own a lot up here?" the schoolmaster inquired.

"My mother does; twenty-five acres. It runs

up to the road. Did n't I ever tell you how we came by it? Mr. Tazwell turned over to her, in place of money he owed her, a mortgage that had to be foreclosed. It's a pretty lot," said Toby; "but there's no sale for it, and all she gets out of it is a few dollars that are paid for the sheep and cows that are pastured on it. Hallo!"

He heard the distant crack of a rifle, and listened till it was repeated.

"That's Aleck Stevens' gun," he said; "I believe the boys are up on our lot. I hope they'll leave the swallows alone!"

"The swallows?" queried the schoolmaster.

"We have on our lot," said Toby, "a real curiosity,—an immense hollow tree inhabited by swallows. There are hundreds of them; I might say thousands. It is n't far up from the lake; you ought to see it."

"That's just what I should like to do," said Mr. Allerton.

"It's an old chestnut-tree; the largest I ever saw," said Toby. "The best time to see it is after sunset, when the swallows are returning to their nests. They come in a perfect cloud; they circle round and round, fly off, wheel, come back, then one by one—sometimes a stream of them in quick succession—throw up their wings, fluttering and chirping, and drop into the top of the trunk, as if it was a chimney. But sometimes," Toby added, "mischievous boys find their pleasure in firing stones at the birds."

The reports of the rifle were repeated.

"I hope those fellows are not shooting at anything but a mark!" said Toby. "There's Yellow Jacket's boat hauled up by the shore. I'll run mine in alongside it."

(To be continued.)

WHAT WAS IT?

BY CAROLINE EVANS.

It happened one morning a wee baby girl
Discovered what seemed like a cunning, white pearl.
But when her friends hastened to see the fine sight,
She closed its small casket and locked it up tight.

MY MICROSCOPE.

BY MARY V. WORSTELL.

WHEN first I owned my beautiful microscope I made a great blunder. I had some pond water to examine, and when I found anything peculiar in it—for instance, a body without a head but with six horns in place of a head—I would cry, "Oh, do come *quick*, and see this curious creature! It has six horns where its head ought to be—and—look, now each horn is growing so long you have to move the slide to find the ends." Then they would come crowding around, father, mother, brothers, and sisters, and by the time they finished peering through the brass tube, the elastic creature had betaken himself to pastures new. But tiny as these pastures were—an acorn's cup would hold dozens—it was no easy matter to find again my little runaway friend.

Then I tried a new plan. When I found anything new and curious—and this often happened—I would keep as still as possible, watching carefully every movement, and noting the form, so that I could afterward look out its name and learn its peculiarities. But my sagacious family soon discovered the ruse. If I remained quietly observant for five minutes at a time, some one would say: "You're very much too quiet. What have you captured now? Let *me* see."

I write this to show that though the path of the microscopist is strewn with roses, still a protruding thorn will now and then be felt.

Another drawback to the study of microscopy is the disproportionately long names employed for the tiniest creatures. It is a wonder how one so small that with the naked eye you cannot see it at all, should survive such a name as *Stephanoceros eichornii*. But it does. The name does not cause the creature half as much trouble, apparently, as it causes me.

Let me tell you of some of the wonderful things I have seen. Once I put a little hay in a tumbler, covered it with water, and set the glass

in a warm place for a day or two. Then, with a medicine-dropper, I put a drop of the water on a glass slip, covered it with a very thin glass wafer the size of a cent, placed it under my microscope, adjusted the focus, and what a sight met my eyes! Dozens and dozens of what looked like animated drops of jelly were darting here and there, bumping against one another, or dodging one another like school-boys at recess. Perhaps, among the crowd of smaller ones would dash a much bigger fellow. I fancied it might be a big brother, older than the others by some hours, and so entitled to the deference he seemed to exact. Then, in another part of the drop of water, the little ones formed almost a circle, and presently in the center of this came a big fellow—he must have been at least $\frac{1}{10}$ of an inch long—who began revolving slowly. "P. T. Barnum," I thought to myself. "That is exactly the way I have seen him address an audience surrounding a circus ring." But I can never know what he told the small ones, for not even the "little ghost of an inaudible squeak" reached my ears. Besides these little creatures, I could see what looked like dark specks darting about. Determined to find out what these were, I used a stronger magnifying glass, and looking through it the specks proved to be other little swimmers such as I had just been examining, and the latter, of course, seemed larger. But now there were still other specks darting about, so a still stronger glass was used, with the same result. Magnify as I might, I could not reach a point where there were not some moving atoms needing further magnifying. I have since learned that no glass has ever been made powerful enough to reveal the tiniest of these "*infusoria*," as they are called.

Among these same little creatures I once had the luck to find an "*ameba*." This I can liken to nothing but a tiny bit of thin jelly. A sort of arm is pushed out and then the rest of the

body draws up into the arm, until it is again without any definite form. Then another arm-like protuberance appears, perhaps on an entirely different side, and the pulling-up process is repeated. This is the way my amoeba gets from place to place, and, all things considered, it makes pretty good speed. In springtime these little creatures may be found in great numbers on the under sides of lily-pads.

Among the most beautiful of pond-water animals are the *vorticellidae*. One of them might almost pass for a tiny, single blossom of the lily-of-the-valley, with a thread attached to it. By this thread it is usually anchored to the



CLUSTER OF
VORTICELLÆ.

leaf of some water-plant. Every few seconds, or minutes, the vorticella will close up into a ball, and quickly sink to the leaf. In a moment it begins slowly swaying upward, the thread in a spiral shape until the flower reaches the end of its tether, when it straightens. Then the cup-shaped flower opens and a row of tiny hairs around the edge

of the flower begin thrashing the water with all their little might, to draw into the flower morsels of nourishment which the water contains. This is the usual way of feeding among these little creatures. Sometimes a single one is found sailing through the water and you have to move the glass slide around very deftly to keep it in view; for these same little hairs that secure the food act as oars also. Once I was fortunate enough to find a perfect colony of vorticellæ, thirty-six of them, in a single drop of water, and all swaying up and down almost as if some microscopical minuet were in progress.

Now, suppose these were large enough for great, awkward human beings to handle, and suppose one were to fasten together several dozens of them by the ends of their thread-like supports, till the mass looked like a wheel of vorticellæ, would it not be a most beautiful sight? There is just such a wonderful little creature as would be thus formed; twice I have seen it. Its name is *conochilus*.

If in pond water you should find, revolving slowly, some round balls of the loveliest green color, and covered with a delicate network, you may read about them in any book on microscopy, under the heading *Volvox*. Inside may be seen smaller balls of the same kind. By and by the big ball will break open and free the little ones, each of which will then grow and grow, until in due time it will break open too, and still newer balls begin their roving lives. Wherever two meshes of the confining net cross, are two hairs, so small that they are altogether invisible except under a very powerful microscope. These hairs, like those on the vorticellæ, are used in securing food and in moving about. *Volvox*, however, is classified as a plant and not as an animal.

I must not forget my friend the water-bear. He is such a comical, clumsy fellow. He goes slowly about on his eight little feet, poking and plodding among the minute water-plants, always sure of finding something good to eat. He is the very embodiment of indolent content. Yet for all he seems so satisfied with his lot in life, his personal appearance is not always pleasing to himself; for at intervals he slips bodily out of his skin, and appears in an entirely new suit, though I must confess the general style of the cast-off dress is retained. Instead of throwing the old suit aside, as certain bigger and clumsier creatures do, he gets out of it so deftly that it stands upright and complete, even to his four pairs of shoes.

When the mother bear slips out of her old dress, she leaves some eggs in it. In a few days these hatch and some baby bears begin swimming around in the cast-off skin. But only for a short time. They soon find their way to the feeding-grounds, and at once begin climbing slowly about, and seem as much at home as are their parents.

But not all that is interesting for the microscope is found in pond water. Look at these scales from a butterfly's wing. Each is oblong, and at one end are projections almost like the fingers on a glove—only these "fingers" are usually slender, though sometimes you will find them blunt and short. In summer it is easy to secure the scales. Catch a butterfly or moth, give its wing a gentle brush, and you will have

dozens; but in doing so, "use him as though you loved him," as good Izaak Walton says.

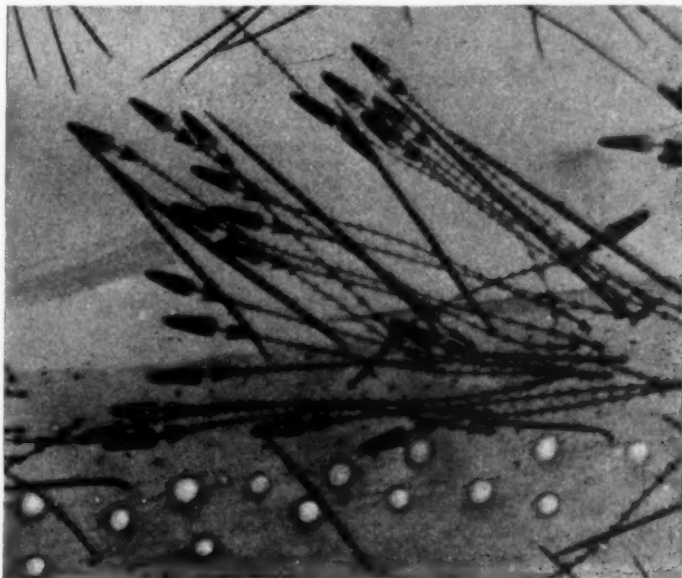
Look at the little brown fan on this slide. But did you ever see the fan of a lady, made of so wonderful a fabric? Titania herself might be proud to own this charming plaything, and truly it is worthy of her. In reality it is nothing more nor less than an antenna of the cockchafer, or May-bug.

This piece of something that looks like honeycomb we will examine next. It seems rather uninteresting, does it not? Hardly, when I tell you that each one of those dozens and hundreds of hexagonal sections contains an eye; and an insect so small as the common fly finds a pair of these eyes very desirable. This must be the reason that one so seldom can capture a fly, even by a cautious flank movement. For what chance has a creature with only two eyes, against an insect with so many more eyes than Argus himself?

On the next slide we may see a labyrinth very much more complicated than the Cretan maze in which Theseus found himself when he started out so pluckily to kill the Minotaur. This is a bit of common sponge, so small that it can hardly be discerned by the naked eye.

Few who have collections of butterflies ever suspect what a marvelous little creature is to be found preying upon these gorgeous and beautiful insects. There is a small beetle who rejoices in a name several sizes too large for him. He is called *Attagenus pellio*. The larva of this beetle is about one-eighth of an inch long. The head is very small, and the legs are short. It casts its skin a number of times before changing into a pupa, and these tiny, empty skins you may find in your butterfly collection.

The body of the larva is covered with minute hairs of three kinds. The abdomen terminates in a long tail, or pencil of hairs which



SKIN OF LARVA OF *ATTAGENUS PELLIO*; SHOWING ARROW-HAIRS.

are covered with an immense number of tiny spines. These hairs, however, present no remarkable features. Many insects are furnished with similar ones. Besides these, each segment of the larva is furnished with two rows of club-shaped hairs, and between these are the wonderful "arrow-hairs." The last three segments of the larva are crowded with them.

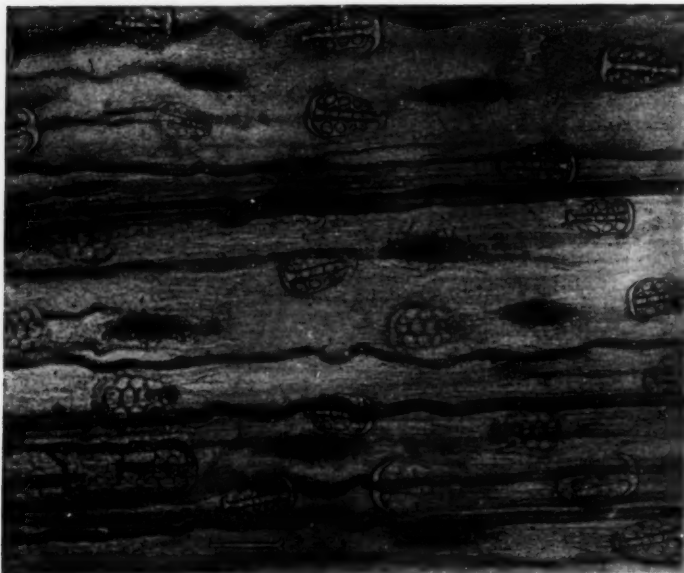


SINGLE ARROW-HAIR.
MUCH MAGNIFIED.

The large picture is a photograph showing a portion of the skin of the larva (the whole skin, you remember, is only about one-eighth of an inch long), which fairly bristles with these weapons. The small picture shows a single hair enlarged hundreds of times.

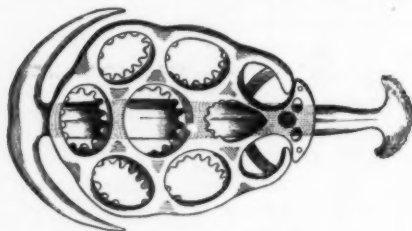
Just how many times you may yourselves calculate when you know that fifty of these hairs could be crowded into the space occupied by

migratory arsenal), my little soldier drives one of these arrows into him, and away comes the arrow-head, broken off short at the slender neck.



PORTION OF THE SKIN OF THE "SEA-CUCUMBER."

the point of a fine needle. Each hair terminates in an arrow-shaped point; just below it is a shield-shaped segment, and then follow from twenty to forty other segments, cup-shaped, and fitting into one another, like the pretty lilac-blossoms when you make them into chains.



"ANCHOR" AND PLATE, MUCH MAGNIFIED.

When another insect, an ant, for instance, attacks this wonderful larva (and a very courageous ant it would have to be to besiege this

comes, in course of time, a new arrow and a cup-shaped segment next to the shield becomes a new shield. So you see the little warrior may be the hero of a hundred conflicts, yet bear no scar.*

When you have advanced far enough in the science of microscopy to mount your own specimens, you may like to have some of these skins. In the spring or summer catch and kill half a dozen butterflies, put them in a cardboard box, and in a month you will have an ample supply.

Here is a curious bit of something closely studded with tiny anchors. As anchors are mainly useful in water, of what value can these miniature ones be? We are looking at a bit of the skin of the sea-cucumber (*Synapta girardii*). In shape this animal is more like a worm than like anything else, and it moves

* A full account of this marvelous little insect has been written by Dr. H. Hensoldt, of Columbia College, in the Journal of the New York Microscopical Society for January, 1889. The author acknowledges her indebtedness to Dr. Hensoldt for preparing the slides from which the photomicrographs used to illustrate this article were made; also to Professor William Stratford and Mr. Edgar J. Wright for taking the photographs from the slides.

from place to place by means of suckers. When it wishes to remain quiet, the anchors, which have been closed over perforated, chalky plates, are extended outward from the body, and fasten the little creature securely to the sand or mud.

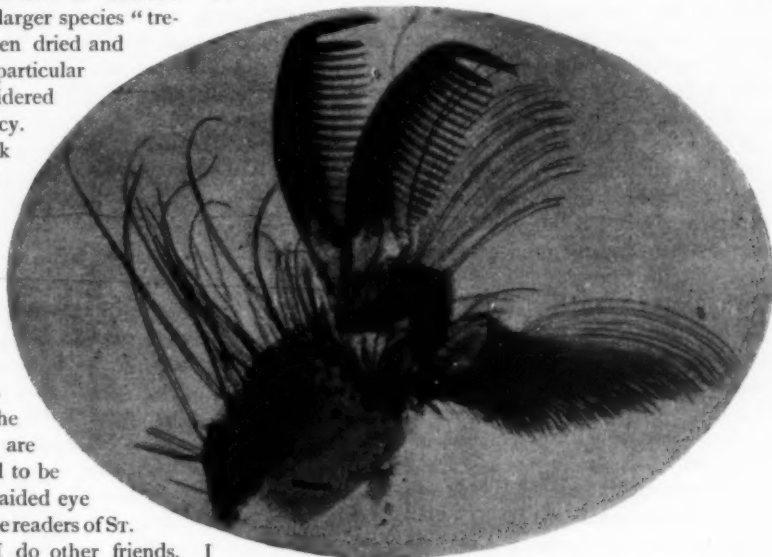
The sea-cucumbers found on our coasts are small, seldom over four inches in length, though larger kinds abound in the Bay of Fundy, and upon the mud-flats of Florida. The Chinese call a larger species "tre-pang," and when dried and preserved in a particular way it is considered a great delicacy.

When I look at this slide I wonder if man first got his idea of an anchor from this little creature. Yet anchors were in use long before microscopes, and the little anchors are much too small to be seen by the unaided eye.

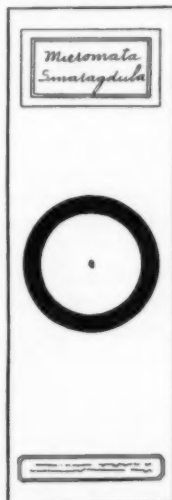
I shall treat the readers of *Sr. NICHOLAS* as I do other friends. I have saved my most wonderful slide till the last. Look at the lower picture. It is the slide as it appears to the naked eye. Then look at the larger picture, which is simply a photograph of the dot in the middle of the slide, as it appears when enormously magnified. I do not believe you ever would fancy that this was a spider's foot, yet that is what it is. It belongs to the emerald-spider, found in Texas. The combs are of the color of horn — a brownish yellow; in fact, they look so much like two little old combs, a trifle warped by age, that whoever sees this slide for the first time is very likely to make some amusing exclamation.

Every web-making spider is furnished with eight pairs of such combs, though few have as many teeth as those belonging to the emerald-spider. You may see a picture of a spider's foot in Carpenter's book on the Microscope, but the combs shown there have only a few teeth.

For a long time the use to which these combs were put was the subject of much discussion. Spiders are divided into two classes: the hunting spider, which has no combs at all, and the web-making spider. It is the latter that is furnished with the combs. From its own body the spider draws the thread for its web, a thick, jelly-like substance that soon hardens when exposed to



FOOT OF THE EMERALD-SPIDER.



the air. Often one sees a large spider hanging by a very slender thread. This would hardly be possible if the thread consisted of a single strand. The thread is made up of a number of these strands, and it is now believed that it is in the management of these that the spider uses its comb. Otherwise, even so deft a little spinner as the spider would get the meshes of its web hopelessly tangled. It is believed, also, that the number of strands in the thread is the same as the

number of spaces between the teeth of the comb.

Almost as curious as the combs is the tuft or brush beneath them. This the spider uses to clear his web of particles of dust that lodge upon it. Who would suspect any practical, bloodthirsty spider of actually using brushes and combs?

The world about us is filled with more wonders than ever have been written of in books. Examine the very smallest objects of God's making, and see if you can find evidence of any but the most wonderful completeness. Everything is perfectly fitted and equipped for the place it fills in the world.

A microscope has one great advantage over a photographic outfit; namely, that after you have purchased a good instrument the outlay demanded is almost nothing. In photography there is a continual need for plates and chemicals. Of course there are plenty of opportunities to spend money for various microscope accessories, though very few of them can be classed under the head of necessities. If you look through a catalogue of microscopist's supplies, this will be hard to believe; but remember, the manufacturers have, if not "an ax," certainly a lens, "to grind."

A prominent microscopist, a member of the Royal Microscopical Society, told me that amateurs who load their cases with every possible and impossible appliance, and who care more for their instruments than for what they may see through them, are called "brass and glass" men. But, to tell you a secret, the real workers have an even worse name! They are called "slug and bug" men!

An elaborate and expensive outfit is not necessary. The men who have made the most wonderful discoveries in this branch of science use instruments that would fill the soul of the average amateur with scorn.

A good, firm microscope stand will cost, perhaps, twenty-five or thirty dollars; and this, with an eyepiece and two good magnifying glasses (one of them a "one-half inch objective," the other a "one and a half inch objective"), ought to satisfy any but the most advanced student. Often it is possible to buy a microscope at second-hand for a much smaller sum than it would cost if new. Do not, however, buy a

rickety or imperfect instrument because it is cheap. Ask the advice of some professional microscopist. There are more people interested in this science than is commonly supposed; and, take my word for it, they are the most obliging persons in the world.

Books on the subject are countless. Arm yourself, if possible, with the very latest edition of William B. Carpenter's famous and rather bulky book on the Microscope. When you have exhausted its contents, then look around for some other works with which to enlarge your knowledge and library.

With no more of an outfit than I have suggested, you will have at hand the means for enjoying many quiet, happy hours.

Besides the wonder of it all, remember the great benefit the microscope has been to mankind. Think of Robert Koch, the now famous German scientist who, a few years ago, and again recently, set the whole scientific world agog over his theories of the bacteria. Hundreds have been at work to prove or disprove what he has said, and a result is that societies for systematic study with the microscope are springing up in all civilized countries.

Every one has heard of the practical use to which Louis Pasteur, the illustrious French chemist, has put his wonderful microscope. His discoveries have been of incalculable benefit to French grape-growers and silkworm cultivators. These industries were threatened with annihilation until Pasteur, through his microscope, discovered the exact nature of the diseases; and, having found out the trouble, the remedy was not far to seek.

Find somebody who owns a microscope. Examine it. Then buy one yourself, even though this may necessitate a little self-denial in other directions.

With nothing more than a firm table, a good lamp, and my microscope, I can spend a whole evening by myself with pleasure and profit, even though the only thing I may have to examine be a common daisy. If it is not the season for flowers, I can take a little sugar or salt, dissolve it in water, and put a drop of this water on a glass slip. I watch it carefully for a few minutes, and it begins to crystallize. While I see the tiny particles fly to their places, in obe-

dience to a marvelous law, I think of Ruskin's "Ethics of the Dust," and of the wonderful words in which he has written for young readers about this crystallization.

To those who are partially or wholly deprived of the sense of hearing (and for this affliction one is usually compensated by excellent eyesight) the

microscope offers a field for investigation in which they may compete without any sense of being at a disadvantage by reason of their infirmity.

The microscope is truly the doorway into a world of wonders more fascinating than was ever described or conceived of in the realms of fairyland.

The Professor and the White Violet

BY OLIVER HERFORD.

THE PROFESSOR.

TELL me, little violet white,
If you will be so polite,
Tell me how it came that you
Lost your pretty purple hue?
Were you blanched with sudden fears?



Were you bleached with fairies' tears?
Or was Dame Nature out of blue,
Violet, when she came to you?

THE VIOLET.

Tell me, silly mortal, first,
Ere I satisfy your thirst
For the truth concerning me—
Why you are not like a tree?
Tell me why you move around,
Trying different kinds of ground,
With your funny legs and boots
In the place of proper roots?

Tell me, mortal, why your head,
Where green branches ought to spread,
Is as shiny smooth as glass,
With just a fringe of frosty grass?
Tell me—Why, he's gone away!
Wonder why he would n't stay?
Can he be—well, I declare!—
Sensitive about his hair?



A TURNING-POINT.

BY KATHARINE McDOWELL RICE.



Y beloved journal! At last I've time!" and so saying, Lena Meredith unlocked the upper drawer of her desk and took out a green-covered book with corners and back of dark red leather.

Lena had given the greater part of the morning to the sweeping and arranging her room,

and then devoted some time to her own appearance, one of the finishing touches being the arranging of her hair in the new way the girls were all wearing it, and tying it with a ribbon to match the new cashmere dress she was putting on for the first time.

And now she had sunk into an easy-chair in the sunny bay window with her journal. She had taken a newspaper out of the chair as she had seated herself, and had put it with the journal, on her lap. Some words in it caught her eye, "Nothing is troublesome that we do willingly." She read the sentence over two or three times.

"Well, I don't know about that," she said to herself, as she folded the paper and laid it on the table near her. "I can think of things that would be awfully troublesome no matter how one did them. Imagine, now, if after I'd arranged my room and was all dressed, expecting Lottie or some of the girls, Harry should want me to go and paste pictures with him, or something like that. That would certainly be troublesome. Still, if I could do it willingly—" she glanced again at the paper. "'Nothing is troublesome that we do willingly.' Yes, if one could make up one's mind to it. Still, I don't know, either,—"

At this point, looking out of the window, she

saw Harry being taken out for a drive by a gentleman who had lately come to live in the neighborhood and had shown a great liking for the child. Lena breathed a sigh of relief. Harry, at least, was not going to interfere with her morning.

"Lena!" came a voice from downstairs.

"Yes, 'm," called Lena brightly, as she ran to her door, hoping to hear Lottie had come.

"Lena, my dear," said her mother, whom Lena could not see, as she was just below the turn in the stairway, "Mary has looked so ill all the morning that I have sent her to bed. Will you come down and help me get dinner, dear, as soon as you can?"

The eager, expectant look on the little girl's face went utterly out. She who had looked so bright and pretty a moment before, as she turned her head toward the stairway to hear which of her friends had come, bore no resemblance to the dark, frowning girl who was now there. None, except that the cashmere and the ribbon were the same.

A hundred thoughts rushed to her mind. Among them was: Why get any dinner? Her father would not mind if they had a sort of lunch instead. She would suggest it.

But—those words: "Nothing is troublesome that we do willingly!"

"Did you hear me, dear?"

"Yes, 'm," faltered Lena, and somehow she could not get any further. She stood there irresolute. How little a thing to make one's heart beat so fast! to make one clench one's hands! Yet her heart was beating rapidly and her hands were tightly closed.

If Lena could have seen that anxious face below, perhaps the struggle would not have been so long. As it was, Mrs. Meredith did not notice that there was a pause between the faltering "Yes, 'm," and the cheerful "I'll be down, Mother, just as soon as I can."

"Are you wearing your new dress, dear?"

"Yes, 'm."

"Well, I think you would better take it off."

"Won't it do if I put on the big rubber apron? That covers me all up, you know." But Lena did n't say this. She caught herself just in time, and only thought it instead. It was not so hard now as it had been a moment ago, perhaps, to meet these *troublesome* things.

"All right, Mother; I will."

The face below the turn of the stairs had undergone quite as much of a change as the one at the top. That look, betraying an anxiety as to how Lena would take the announcement that her Saturday—the day that was always allowed for herself—was to be broken into, changed into one of relief as Lena's answers came down the stairway.

"Now, if I take it off, I must take it off willingly," said Lena, as she went to the glass and unfastened all the hooks on the pretty silk vest that fifteen minutes before she was fastening with such satisfaction. "I must hurry, too, or my good resolutions may be forgotten. And it is n't so hard to have to take it off when I know it's to help mother. It took her days and days to make the dress, and it's just as pretty as it can be," resting her hand lightly on the soft, full trimmings as she laid the waist away in her drawer. "There's really something in that motto. Things really are not so troublesome as one would think."

She had slipped into her working-dress again and was about going downstairs, saying to herself, "I believe I'll leave my dress-skirt right on the bed. I'll want to put it on directly after dinner, and it's such a bother to—but no, it is n't either," and she ran for a stool, stood upon it, and hung the pretty gray skirt in her closet.

"I started to get the turnips ready," said Mrs. Meredith, as Lena came into the kitchen, "but I had to come back to my preserves."

She was bending over the fire, stirring the fruit, her face very red from the heat and exercise.

"Are you preserving, Mother?" exclaimed Lena. "I did n't know it."

She wondered whether her mother were doing this hard work "willingly." Preserving always appeared to Lena one of the most troublesome

of things. And her mother had even thought of getting the dinner, too—and that willingly!

"You ought not to have done anything about dinner, Mother."

"I have n't done much but set the table, dear. I did n't like to interfere with your holiday." Mrs. Meredith's voice was very cheery as she stirred away at the fruit.

"She's doing that thing willingly," Lena decided, and she herself took up with great spirit the turnip-paring her mother had begun.

"I thought we'd have the steak, mashed potatoes, and the turnips," said Mrs. Meredith. "And there's a mince-pie all baked. It needs only to be put in the oven and thoroughly heated."

"Papa does n't like mince-pie very much. Sha'n't I make something for him?"

Mrs. Meredith turned to look at Lena. There



"NOTHING IS TROUBLESOME THAT WE DO WILLINGLY."

she sat cheerfully slicing the turnips and saying, "Saturday's a holiday for a professor as well as for a school-girl, and I think it would be nice to make papa's favorite dessert! Don't you think so?"

"Well, I had thought, myself, that one of

those sponge-cakes with some whipped-cream would be nice, and rather improve the dinner. But I did n't know that you would be willing to take the trouble."

Willing—trouble. Was the whole world hereafter to revolve around those two words?

It so happened that Lena did not get out the new dress again that day. By the time the dinner dishes were all out of the way, and the fruit all canned and labeled, there was not much time before some biscuits were to be made for supper, and with one demand and another it was nearly eight o'clock before she took up her journal.

She was seated in the easy-chair again, now, under the soft light of the lamp, and reaching for the paper on the table she cut from it the words: "Nothing is troublesome that we do willingly." They came at the end of a column, and on the margin below Lena wrote, "And there is really happiness if we do it."

"I ought to have made my part sound more finished," thought Lena as she read it all over.

"If I had added, 'And willing doing brings happiness,' it would have rounded it out better. Still, happiness does n't wait till the end to come. Happiness goes right through it all. I wonder if I ought to write it all out in my journal: How I have resolved to take this as my motto through life, and tell about all that has happened to-day; how disagreeable things turned right into agreeable ones as soon as I did them willingly? No, I think I'll put only the motto with the date. Let me see," turning back the leaves, "what I wrote last Saturday. Oh, yes,—all about our going nutting in the morning, and our jolly ride home in the afternoon, and the tea-party at Flo's, and the cantata of 'Esther' in the evening. Why, what a full day that was, and how very unimportant to-day is in contrast!" Then, bending over the clear page, she wrote:

"Saturday, Oct. 18. 'Nothing is troublesome that we do willingly.' A very uneventful day."

And yet there never had come, and there never came, into Lena's life a more important day than this.

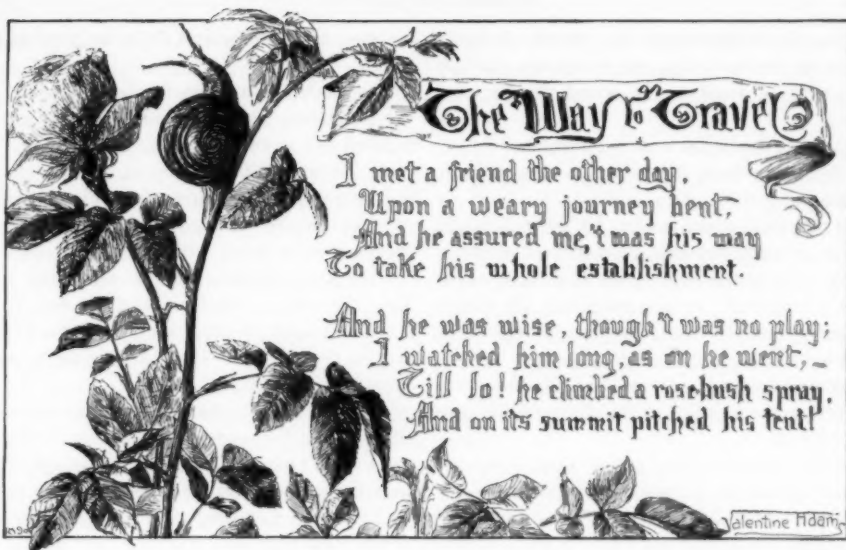


Dorothy, Dorcas and
Dill

Each has been told to
sit still.

"Do not peep
Around to see
If others behave
As well as thee.
But fold thy hands
Upon thy knee
And be as good
As good can be."





A DIET OF CANDY.

BY THE MOTHER OF A "DEVOURING" READER.

IT was five o'clock on one of those first cold evenings when boys, scarcely realizing that summer is gone, forget to come into the house until the darkness drives them in. Arthur came flying into the pretty sitting-room bringing the frosty air with him. He had been raking a great pile of leaves; and he held his cold hands to the grate as he hopped about, hoping there was something good for supper.

"I'll take a look into the kitchen and see for myself," he said. He came back presently with satisfaction all over his face.

"There's cold meat, and baked potatoes, and rice, and fruit, and cookies"; and he executed a different antic as he mentioned each appetizing item. "That's what I call a jolly supper, 'specially the rice and cookies." (Arthur always said "cookies," although his Kentucky aunts tried to have him say "tea-cakes.") His mother sat by the table reading. She was one of that

army of busy mothers who spend the whole day working for home and children, and in the evening snatch a brief hour in which to feed their own hungry minds. She had a book of history, now, and Arthur settled down quietly, for he knew it was her pet reading-hour. He was looking over the evening paper, having reached the mature age of ten, when the key rattled in the latch and his father came in. Arthur sprang to meet him and to relieve him of some of the bundles with which he always came loaded. He was a newspaper man, and his pockets generally bulged out with new magazines, "sample copies," illustrated papers, and packets of fancy stationery or advertising cards.

"Oh, goody! the St. NICHOLAS," Arthur shouted, espying the cover projecting from his father's pocket. "Now for 'Lady Jane.'"

"Wait until after supper and read 'Lady Jane' aloud. I am as much interested in it as you," his mother said. Arthur's attention was diverted

just then by a small paper bag which his father laid in his mother's lap, and which was strongly suggestive of candy. He seized the bag and peered in.

"Mama, don't you want a chocolate?"

"Not now, dear; it would spoil my appetite for supper."

"I may have some, may n't I?" And although his father suggested that he wait until after tea, Arthur placed the bag beside him, and, as he cut the pages of the new magazine, his fingers made frequent journeys to the candy bag. When the tea-bell rang he gave a great jump.

"Supper's ready—come on!" he said; and as he rose the bag fell to the floor. His father picked it up.

"Why, Arthur,—you greedy boy!—you've eaten half the chocolates."

Arthur looked into the bag, aghast at what he had done.

"You'll have to lay the blame on ST. NICHOLAS, Papa; I did n't know what I was doing."

"Next time, young man, be more considerate. I brought those to your mother," and his father tweaked his ear. The supper was a pleasant one; the steam arose from the hot potatoes, and the faces of the younger children beamed rosilily as they waved their threatening spoons over the bowls of rice temptingly prepared with yellow cream and a spoonful of jelly. But Arthur, after unfolding his napkin, sat languidly looking at the table. "We have n't a thing for supper that I like!" he said petulantly.

"Why, Arthur, what's the matter? Were n't you just rejoicing over the prospect of rice and cookies?"

"There's no need of inquiring what's the matter—a boy who has just eaten a dozen chocolate-creams simply cannot hold anything more. It's a physical impossibility." And Arthur's father laughed as he looked at his rueful son. "Learn a lesson of moderation, my boy. Don't spoil a good healthy appetite with too much candy." After supper, Arthur stretched himself on the couch, for his head ached. His mother read aloud the instalment of "Lady Jane."

Two evenings later Arthur threw down ST. NICHOLAS. "There—I'm ready for the next

number, and I hope it will be as good as this one."

His mother laid down her book and opened the magazine. "Do you mean to say you have finished this in two readings?"

Arthur was inclined to skim, and his mother frequently questioned him about his reading.

"Yes 'm—I've read it all and I have n't skimmed—or skum. Which is it?"

"It is skimmed. But I fear you have. Let me see," and she turned the pages. "What a feast of good things! I don't blame you for devouring it—this 'David and Goliath' must be interesting; is n't it?"

"David and Goliath! I don't remember that. Oh, yes,—about the ships. Well, you see I did n't read that, Mama. I thought it was one of those dry articles about machinery, and so I left that for some other time—some time when I felt more like studying over it."

His mother said nothing but turned the leaves. "And this 'Through the Back Ages.' I wish, Arthur, you had saved that to read to me. We have geology in our home-reading course this year, and I would have enjoyed it with you."

"Geology,—that's all about stones and bones and coal and fern-leaves, is n't it? Well, Mama, I thought that article was too old for me, so I did n't read it. Of course if you would read it with me I could understand it."

His mother raised her eyebrows in a way that always made Arthur feel uncomfortable. He wriggled a little in his chair, but she went on turning the leaves. "Is the article on the 'Gator' a story or a description?" she asked, at length.

"The 'Gator,' Mama?"

"Yes; that is, the 'Alligator.'"

"I have n't read it yet. By the time I finished 'Toby Trafford,' 'The Boy Settlers,' and the rest, my eyes hurt."

His mother closed the book and laughed.

"Arthur, you remind me of a woman I once heard of. She sent her daughter each week to get a book from a public library. She told her to look into the book, and said 'if there are lots of 'Ohs' and 'Ahs,' I shall be sure to like it.' Now, you are very much like that woman—if you see plenty of 'Ohs' and 'Ahs,' you read the story—if you don't, you skip it."

Arthur smiled an ashamed smile. "But you know, Mama, the stories are so lively, you can't help reading them, and afterward, the other articles seem so—quiet, you know."

His mother looked down a moment, as if in study. "Arthur, if you had a fairy wand, and could change each article in the *ST. NICHOLAS* into something to eat, what would the stories represent?"

"I don't know what you mean, Mama."

"Well, what kind of food would best represent 'Lady Jane,' 'Toby Trafford,' and those other fascinating tales?"

"Candy, of course—great big marshmallows and chocolates, cream candy and nut candy, and taffy, too,—for that's good, though it is n't so fine."

"And those quiet, instructive articles, without any 'Ohs' and 'Ahs,' which it seems you have not read?"

"I s'pose they'd be bread and butter, or oatmeal, or meat, or something like that."

"Do you remember when you feasted on candy, the other night before supper?"

"Well, I think I do! I could n't eat any of the good supper, and had headache all the evening."

"But the candy took away your hunger; did it not? It took the place of supper."

"It filled me up, but somehow it was n't so—satisfactory." Arthur sometimes coins a word. "And then the headache, you know,—of course I never have that after eating potatoes or rice."

"Well, now, my dear boy" (Arthur began to realize that a moral was coming), "your mind must be fed as well as your body. It is growing as rapidly—yes, more rapidly than your body, and it needs a daily supply of nourishing food. Don't you see that you are feeding it chiefly on candy? You are giving it only what it fancies, without any thought as to whether a diet composed entirely of such food is sufficiently nourishing."

"But, Mama, you yourself like all those stories. Don't you remember how you slipped off and read 'Lady Jane' all by yourself, the last time?"

His mother laughed. "Indeed I do; it was not generous, I know, but that very act proves my high opinion of stories. They have their place in literature, and a noble one it is; not a serial in *ST. NICHOLAS* but has some strong and true lesson within it; something that should make one better and purer; but if you allow your love for stories full sway, it may entirely destroy your taste for anything else. You can no more build up your intellect on fiction alone, than you can sustain your body on sweetmeats alone."

"You would n't ask a boy to go without cake and candy forever, would you?" Arthur asked plaintively.

"No, indeed; the sweets, like the stories, are both desirable and necessary. But how about mingling the foods—both the mental and the moral food? Take your bread and butter and meat as your main sustenance, and then your sweetmeats to add pleasure and variety to your meal. So with your reading. Do not read all the stories at once. That takes away an appetite for the less exciting but more instructive articles. Read a story and then read one of those 'quiet' articles you speak of; something that will teach you some fact in nature or philosophy and will set you thinking. Stories, and nothing else, will give you dyspepsia of the mind, just as—"

A gentle snore interrupted this flow of eloquence. Arthur was sound asleep, but the next evening he was seen sitting somewhat apart from the family, with a most interested look upon his face. Occasionally he asked a question about animals, guns, and other things, and finally he closed the magazine with a satisfied bang and called out:

"Why, Mama, the 'bread and butter' is every bit as good as the 'candy'!"

Sarah S. Pratt.

PUSSY AND THE TURTLE.

ONCE upon a time there lived a pretty little kitten. His mother was just beginning to teach him how to catch mice. So, one day, he stole away and went down into a cold cellar to go a-hunting all by himself. "I'll catch ever so many," he thought: "Six for mother, one for brother Spotty, one for Dotty, one for Scramble, one for Tumble, and two for poor little Flop who never is well."

Then he sat and waited. "It is the way to begin," he thought; "and I must be very quiet, like mother!" At this moment something stirred a pile of turnips in the corner, and the top one fell off and started to roll along the cellar floor.

Pussy flew upon it in a jiffy. "Good!" he exclaimed, "I've killed it—though it does n't seem to be a mouse. How cold and queer it feels! I wish Scramble was with me. Guess I'll go back to mother as soon as I've caught one real mouse."

Just then he heard a hard, thumping sound. With a start and a jump he turned quickly, and if there was n't a great big turtle creeping toward him! Turtles, you know, move very, very slowly. I suppose they find their hard shell rather heavy.

"Oh, dear! I don't want to catch any mouse at all," said Puss to himself. "I'm scared. I want to go back."

Still the turtle moved toward him, nearer and nearer. "Oh! oh!" thought Pussy, now afraid to move, "it's going to pounce upon me. I know it is. And if I run away he'll catch me, sure!"

The turtle came closer.

"Go'way! go'way!" cried Puss. "You just dare to touch me, and I'll give your back such a scratch as you never had in all your life!"

The turtle turned around and waddled slowly off.

"Now's my chance," cried Puss, and he jumped upon the enemy.

"The idea of that little puss trying to hurt my hard back!" said the turtle to himself, and he drew completely into his shell so that he might have a good laugh.

"Dear me!" thought puss in horror, "*where has his head gone to?* I must have bitten it off! What *will* mother say?"

And he scampered away, as fast as his legs could carry him, to tell Spotty, Dotty, Tumble, Scramble, and Flop, the wonderful news.

"LET IT GIVE YOUR BACK SUCH A SCRATCH AS YOU NEVER HAD IN ALL YOUR LIFE!" CRIED PISA."





JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

GOOD May to you, my friends! That is to say: Sweetness to you! Brightness to you! Blossom-time to you! in brief, all the fresh glory of the spring to you! I trust I make myself clear? If not, just run out of doors on the first May morning and ask what Jack means by all this; and May herself will answer you.

Meantime, here is a pretty song about her, which I am sure will please you, for it was written for you by Evelyn Austin, a fair young friend of ST. NICHOLAS who loved all sweet and beautiful things:

A SONG OF MAY.

MERRY, rollicking, frolicking May
Into the woods came skipping one day;
She teased the brook till he laughed outright,
And gurgled and scolded with all his might;
She chirped to the birds and bade them sing
A chorus of welcome to Lady Spring;
And the bees and the butterflies she set
To waking the flowers that were sleeping yet.
She shook the trees till the buds looked out
To see what the trouble was all about;
And nothing in nature escaped that day
The touch of the life-giving, bright young May.

PHOTOGRAPHY OF COLORS.

WHAT is this I hear? Is it true that Prof. Gabriel Lippmann, a happy scientific Frenchman, has actually succeeded in photographing bright colors? and that he intends to experiment until he can take photographs of flowers, trees, and even my very birds in the exact hues of life? Why, they say that even the blue eyes and rosy cheeks of boys and girls are to be caught in a snap, so to speak!

Look into this matter, my chicks. When you see any grown person specially interested or ex-

perienced in photography, ask the privilege of questioning him upon the subject. You hold his coat-button, and let him do the rest.

SEVEN LANGUAGES.

YES, and seven languages that we all understand pretty well, though we may not be able to speak them correctly. Your good friend Julie M. L., as you will learn from these lines lately sent you with her compliments, has listened to the cricket, the katydid, the locust, the tree-toad, the bullfrog, the lark, and the baby; and this is her report of

WHAT THEY SAY:

CRICKETS chirp, "Hello! Hello!
Sun will shine. I tell you so."
Katydid of habit strict
Makes a point to contradict.
Locusts whirr, all in a swarm,
"Lis—ten! 'T will be ve—ry warm!"
Tree-toad thinks that 's cause to fret,
Whines: "No heat! I want it wet."
Bullfrog's voice is thick and hoarse:
Lazy thing croaks, "Cut across!"
Lark calls from the sunny sky,
"I 'll reach Heaven by and by."
Baby laughs, a merry crow,
"I 've just come from there, you know."

AND now to business, my crowd of thinkers, bicyclers, and lesson-missers; we have had enough of speculation and fancy. Let us take up some good live subject. Ah, I have it!

THE CONDOR OF THE ANDES.

UP among the cold white peaks of the Andes, higher than human foot has had the daring to tread, is sometimes seen a dark speck, slowly circling in the clear air. The speck gradually descends, and we see that it is the largest bird of the air, the condor. Its flight is swifter than the eagle's. Nothing but the distance could have made the condor of the Andes seem small and slow of wing. Swiftly descending, strong, cruel, hungry, he fastens his horrid eye upon some luckless lamb or kid. Rarely is it able to escape or hide from its enemy; successful resistance is impossible. The condor cannot carry off its prey in its talons like the eagle, for it has not the eagle's power of grasp, and the sharpness of its claws is in time worn off on the hard rocks which are its home; so, standing upon the struggling animal with one foot, the condor kills the poor thing with his powerful beak and his other foot.

Like many other greedy creatures, the condor after his dinner becomes incapable of flight, and it is only then that he can be approached with safety; but even now the hunter must be cautious and strong. A Chilean miner, who was celebrated for his great physical strength, once thought that without weapons he could capture a condor which seemed unusually stupid after its heavy meal. The man put forth all his strength, and the engagement was long and desperate, till at last the poor miner was glad to escape with his life. Exhausted, torn, and bleeding, he managed to carry off a few feathers as trophies of the hardest battle he had ever

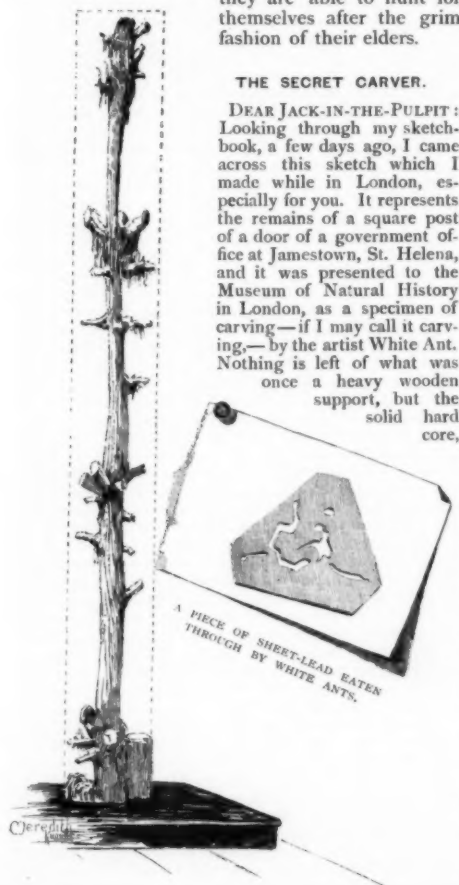
fought. He thought that he had left the bird mortally wounded. The other miners went in search of the body, but instead found the bird alive and erect, flapping his wings for flight.

If the condor does not reach an untimely end by violence, it is, according to all accounts, very long-lived. The Indians of the Andes believe that he lives for a hundred years.

The condors' homes seem just suited for birds so ugly and fierce. They build no nest, but the female selects some hollow in the barren rock that shall be large enough to shelter her from the strong winds while she is hatching her eggs. Here, in the midst of a dreadful desolation, the ugly little condors begin their cries for food, and after they are six weeks old begin attempting to use their wings. The parents manifest the only good trait they possess, in their care for their young, feeding and training them to fly, so that in a few months they are able to hunt for themselves after the grim fashion of their elders.

THE SECRET CARVER.

DEAR JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT: Looking through my sketch-book, a few days ago, I came across this sketch which I made while in London, especially for you. It represents the remains of a square post of a door of a government office at Jamestown, St. Helena, and it was presented to the Museum of Natural History in London, as a specimen of carving—if I may call it carving,—by the artist White Ant. Nothing is left of what was once a heavy wooden support, but the solid hard core,



THE DESTRUCTIVE WORK OF WHITE ANTS. THE DOTTED LINE SHOWS THE ORIGINAL FORM OF THE TIMBER.

with its string-like pieces of tougher fiber hanging from the branches like moss from southern trees. On closely inspecting this skeleton, I observed that every part of it had been most beautifully grooved; not an inch of space but what had been worked upon. The grooves, which followed the grain of the wood, were many hundreds in number, and so wonderful was the workmanship that I could hardly convince myself I was not looking at a work of decoration instead of destruction. The tools used were the little ant's jaws, but the furrows were as smooth and as clean-cut as if they had been chiseled with a sharp steel gouge.

You may ask how it is these little destroyers are allowed to do such damaging work, and why they are not driven away as soon as they appear. Let me tell you, the white ant is a sly little workman. In working, it avoids piercing the outer surface of the woodwork, and hence the wood appears sound, even when the slightest touch is sufficient to cause it to fall to pieces.

Just imagine how uncomfortable it must be to live in a house where the door-post may suddenly fall into powder, or, on attempting to seat yourself in a chair which has not been used for some time, to have that fall into pieces! It would certainly seem as if mischievous fairies were with us once more, and in no way improved in their "tricks and manners."

Evidently these little ant-fairies have quite a varied taste, for they are not always content with a wood diet. In the same case with the post I have shown you, is a piece of sheet lead which has furnished them with a few dinners. I send you a sketch of this also.

MEREDITH NUGENT.

THE BLUE SKY.

BY way of opening this subject, I may as well tell you that there is n't, actually, any such place as the blue sky. In fact, the sky is all moonshine—or perhaps I should say all mists and sunshine. It is nothing but air, about fifty miles high, or deep, whichever you please, and beyond that it is vacancy, and is nowhere in particular even then. If you stand in the valley and look up into the air you'll see what you call the sky; then if you climb out of the valley and up to the top of the mountains, you'll probably be standing in the very sky that you saw before, and, looking up into the air overhead, you'll have another sky just as good; and then if you get into a balloon and go higher yet, you'll still see a sky smiling down at you, as the poets say. What wonder! I'd smile too if I were a body of air fifty miles deep or high, thousands or millions of miles from the great heavenly bodies, and should find myself regarded as a sort of blue roof studded with little gold buttons or specks, called stars. Then to hear the very methodical moon (about 240,000 miles off) alluded to as a silver boat sailing in me!—and to hear the mighty sun (over eighty millions of miles away from my utmost limits) described as "struggling through" my gentle clouds! Why, it would be enough to make me laugh outright, so to speak—that is supposing I were this so-called azure roof, which, thank goodness, I'm not, for I don't fancy dampness or vagueness of any sort.

Now, my rosy philosophers, if by any accident you fail to understand all this, please do not bother me about it. Search elsewhere for information—ask your parents about it, or indeed any busy person who is sufficiently uninformed upon the subject.

THE LETTER-BOX.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: It occurs to me that some of your young readers, especially those who have read the first paper on "The Land of Pluck" (in the December number), may be interested in hearing something of the little girl who has lately become Queen of Holland. Queen Wilhelmina, as she is called, though her mother Emma is for the present acting as queen regent, is a bright, happy child of eleven years, willing to study, and, like other little girls, glad also to play.

She owns dozens of finely dressed dolls, but her favorite pets are her Shetland pony, and one hundred and fifty pet pigeons which she cares for herself. . . .

When first told, a few months ago, that she was to be queen, she exclaimed in dismay: "Shall I have to sign all those papers as mama does?" But queenly duties will not be forced upon her for several years to come. . . .

Wilhelmina gets up every morning at seven o'clock, and her study hours are from nine to twelve. Then she has her simple noonday meal. She takes rides upon her pony every afternoon, no matter what the weather may be, and after a dinner at six, and a pleasant evening with her mother, goes to bed at eight o'clock. Her governess is an English woman, Miss Winter.

About \$240,000 has been set apart for the little queen's annual household expenses. Her household comprises two chamberlains, four professors, an equerry, and two lady's maids. Besides these, she has a "military household," whatever that may be. . . . She lives in a castle called "Het Loo," surrounded by meadows and very old trees. In the castle garden there are beds of fine tulips of which her father was very fond. In his study, now the young queen's private audience room, is a large collection of arms and armor displayed upon the walls. . . . In conclusion, dear ST. NICHOLAS, let me give your readers an extract from a paper in the New York *Tribune*, to which I am indebted for some of the above points:

"It has been said of the English Parliament that there was nothing it could not do except turn a woman into a man. The Dutch High Court of Justice has just given proof of its ability to accomplish what is beyond the power even of the British Parliament, by deciding that officials and other public servants should take the oath of allegiance, not to 'Queen,' but to 'King' Wilhelmina. This extraordinary decision has been violently attacked by the Dutch press as contrary to common sense, but the High Court is far too independent a body for there being any chance of its yielding the point. The States General alone could declare that even in Holland a queen is not a king, but it is doubtful if this is done."

Yours truly, J. T.—.

A LETTER FROM HOLLAND.

STRANGE to say, J. T.'s welcome letter was hardly in type, before another was handed us which is so interesting, and so exactly fits into this number of ST. NICHOLAS that we print it almost entire.

It came, as you see, straight from Holland, and the writer, a bright and patriotic Dutch girl, is in herself the best evidence one can have of the advantages of education her country offers to all.

It cannot but be encouraging to young Americans try-

ing to master a foreign tongue, to see how perfectly this Holland maiden expresses herself in English. Not a word of her beautifully written letter has been changed.

SCHEVENINGEN, February 28, 1891.

MY DEAR L.: It is now ten years ago that we began our correspondence, and those ten years have had for me an even and uneventful course, but they have been very pleasant and happy years, too; I should not mind living them over again. The year that has gone has been very much like the foregoing ones except for some political events which have created a change in our country. Our old king died, as you probably know, and at his death there has been a sincere mourning over the whole country. Personally he was not so very much liked; he was good but not particularly sympathetic or clever in any way. Still his subjects were attached to him because he was—his two sons having died—the last male descendant of a glorious and highly respected race: the House of Orange. The Oranges are loved by the Dutch because they can boast of many a valorous and wise ancestor, but principally because the head of the house, Prince William who died in 1564, freed the people from the Spanish tyrant whose despotic reign threatened to become unbearable. The sole descendant of this long list of princes and kings is our little Queen Wilhelmina, a child of ten years, very much beloved by the people, who cherish this frail bud in which all their hopes are fastened, as something very precious. The government is now in the hands of her mother, who is queen regent until the little one is eighteen years old. She is a very superior woman, kind and wise, giving her little daughter a sensible education, and quite capable of filling her difficult position and of executing her duties exceedingly well. Of course you, like a true American, do not feel any enthusiasm for kings and queens, but our government is constitutional and very liberal, and I don't think the people have in reality much more freedom in any of the new republics than in our kingdom. The two queens live in the Hague. As yet, of course, everything is very quiet at the court, but the mother and daughter can be seen daily when driving out, both in deep mourning, but looking very happy together. They pass our house nearly every day. I would not be a queen for anything—would you? Fancy not a bit of freedom, not being able to move a step without the whole land, so to say, knowing of it; their sorrows and rejoicings, public sorrows and rejoicings! Seemingly rulers of the land, but in reality dictated to in their slightest acts! A dreadful life!

As yet all goes well in our little country, and I don't think we need have any fear of being swallowed up by the great states that surround us.

Now, I think you have had enough of politics.

Our winter has been, as probably everywhere else, exceptionally cold; an old-fashioned winter, and one that will be recorded in the annals of history and not soon forgotten. Of course, it has been the cause of much poverty and misery, and every one was thankful when, after weeks of severe frost, the thaw fell in; but much has been done to soften the sufferings of the poor, and those who went round to ask for help did not ask in vain. On the other hand, the whole country was alive with wholesome merriment, caused by the skating that was practised over the whole length and width of our

watery little land. Holland is very characteristic and very much at its advantage during such a time, and I am really thankful that I have lived through such a winter, and also that it has come at a period of my life when I have been able to join in the universal movement.

As you know, a great many of the people, especially the peasants, skate very well. The country is cut up by canals running from one town to the other, and from one village to the other; along these waters slow barges travel peacefully the whole summer through, laden with coals, wood, vegetables, pottery, and numberless other things; a great deal of traffic is done in this slow but sure way, as it is a very cheap mode of transport. But these same waters now bore a much livelier aspect. People of all classes skated along their smooth surfaces, and many have been the expeditions planned and executed to skate from one town to the other, halting at several small villages on the way, and thus seeing the country in an original and very pleasant manner.

My sister and I, and several ladies and gentlemen, made a charming excursion on one of the finest and mildest days of the winter. The sun shone brightly, the sky was blue, and although the thermometer pointed below zero, it was quite warm and delicious to skate. We were quite a large party, and went from the Hague to Amsterdam, and thence across the Y and farther over the inland waters to Monnickendam, on skates of course. Monnickendam lies at the Zuider zee, which is a kind of bay formed by the North Sea and surrounded by several provinces of our country. In comparison with your grand lakes, it is small, but we consider it quite a large water, and it is very rarely frozen over. This year, however, it was one immense surface of ice, stretching itself out as far as the eye could reach. It was quite the thing this winter to go out and see it; so, of course, we went there and visited the small island of Marken which is situated near the coast.

A small steamer goes daily from Monnickendam to the island, or three times a week — I'm not sure about that; now all the communication was done by sledge and on skates over the ice. Thousands of people have seen Marken this winter in that way, and the place is quite a curiosity, especially for strangers. (If you happen to have a map of the Netherlands you'll be sure to find where it lies.) The costumes worn by the peasant men and women alone are well worth the voyage to the place, being quite different from those worn in Scheveningen, and besides the poky little wooden houses are charming in their way, and exceedingly clean and neat, with rows of colored earthenware dishes along the walls, and carved chests and painted wooden boxes piled one on the top of the other containing their clothes. Although so near the civilized world these good people live quite apart, hardly ever marry some one not from the island, and seem quite contented. They earn their living by fishing, and occasionally get as far as a harbor of Scotland. When we arrived there across the ice we were very hungry, and on asking a peasant if he could procure us something to eat, were very hospitably received in his little house by his wife, who regaled us on bread, cheese, and milk. Enormous hunches of bread! but what will a hungry skater not eat? And we sat very snugly in their little room, admiring all their funny little contrivances.

The Zuider zee was very curious and interesting to see. Fancy an enormous field of ice crowded with thousands of people all on skates, and moving swiftly between them, brightly painted sledges with strong horses and jingling bells, looking very picturesque. Also little ice-boats with large sails that come flying across the frozen waters, looking like great birds, but keeping at a little distance from the crowd for fear of accidents. A fair was held on the ice, where there were going on all kinds of harmless amusements, and little tents where they sold cakes and steaming hot milk and chocolate. The whole

scene, the bright, moving, joyous crowd made me think of the pictures by the old masters, like Teniers and Ostade, it was so thoroughly Dutch. But to think that this immense solid surface, whereon you moved so confidently, would melt again before the year was much older and change itself in lapping waves, was hardly conceivable!

At the Hague we have a very prettily situated skating-club, where our little circle of friends saw each other daily and where we spent many a pleasant hour. So the winter has flown by. It is not quite over but it seems so to me, as the last weeks have been very fine, and the place where we live, being half country, directly takes a spring-like air. Tennis begins to reign supreme, and I am going to practise this game very seriously.

I have not heard much music this winter. Our German opera which grew poorer and poorer every year is now gone altogether, and that was the only way in which we heard some Wagnerian operas, which I like above all others; indeed, the more you hear them the less you care about the others. Once a fortnight I regularly go to the concert, but there are times when I can't listen to the music. My mind strays, and try as much as I will, the sounds pass over me and don't leave any impression; I think the reason of this is that I have heard too much music in the last years, and that I don't appreciate it. So when it is not something I like very very much I had rather not hear it, as it only needlessly fatigues my brain, and I do not profit by it at all.

Your letter was very pleasant and so fluently written. I wish I could do as well; my only consolation is that it is not my language, but then I cannot produce such a good style in Dutch either, and you will hardly believe it, but I need a dictionary more when I write a Dutch letter than when I write an English one. Of course I make a great many mistakes in English, but Dutch is a far more difficult language, and you never know when a word is masculine or feminine (unless you are exceedingly clever!), as it makes no difference when you speak, but a great difference when you write; so if you want to write correctly you *have* to look in the dictionary or else to guess. Then you say, "Oh! that word is probably feminine," and you change the sentence accordingly, and afterwards you discover that you were quite wrong. Is not that a troublesome language? The French can hear when to put "le" or "la" before the word, at least they rarely make mistakes, but we can't. It sounds all the same when speaking.

I am always very sorry when I hear that your health is not all that can be desired. Do you take good care of yourself? and is not your mode of living too busy? It is certainly a great trouble to be obliged to manage your health. I can hardly conceive such a position, because I can do with my health just what I like. And now, my dear L., it is really time to finish this long letter. I think I never wrote such a long one before.

So now good-by, and let me hear soon from you again.

Very truly yours,
ELISE MOLESWATER.

AN unknown correspondent, under the signature "Classical Friend," calls attention to an error in the legend for the picture on page 392 of the March St. NICHOLAS. It should, of course, read: "The Theater of *Dionysus*," or Bacchus. *Dionysus* was the name of several distinguished men, especially of one of the tyrants of Syracuse. *Dionysus*, our correspondent says, "was the patron of festivity, therefore his worship was carried on in a theater," where an altar to him was erected. We are obliged to the anonymous, but vigilant reader.

ENGLAND.

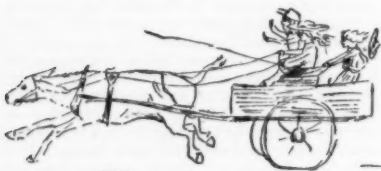
DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have taken you for two years, off and on, as we are traveling about, and there is not another magazine which I know of that I appreciate as much as yours. I think your stories are lovely, and the only fault I find in them is, that they are much too short. We expected to go home to California the beginning of this month, but were detained by my having the measles. We spent (that is, my sister and I) a very doleful Christmas, but I managed to eat my mince-pie and plum-pudding before getting ill. I have traveled ever since I was fourteen months old, and have been to England, France, Spain, Germany, passed through Holland (that dear little "Land of Pluck"), and of course America. I have the dearest, cunningest canary whose name is "Dicky Boy." He cost twenty marks in Dresden, which equals five dollars. His singing master having been a nightingale, his voice is perfectly fascinating! And now, dear ST. NICHOLAS, I am afraid this letter has not been very interesting, but having to be kept indoors for a fortnight, one is apt to get cross and dull. I hope you will think this worth while to put in your Letter-box. I would like to write more, but I would bother you and, besides, Dicky is on the table giving me a concert, so I must listen to him, or Signor Dickini would be offended.

Your constant reader,

EDITH P.—

THREE young friends who live in Kirkwood, Mo., and who sign their letter "We, Us, & Co.," send us a spirited picture which we take pleasure in printing herewith. They call it:

"GOING TO THE POST-OFFICE FOR ST. NICHOLAS."



LONDON, ENGLAND.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: You have been a great source of pleasure to me for many, many years. As far back as 1878 and 1879, when I lived in Buffalo, N. Y., U. S. A., my sister took you, and almost every year since I have looked forward eagerly to the time of the month for you to appear.

In 1889 I left Buffalo, and have since lived in "dear old dingy London," as somebody has called the great city. Like Julia B. H., who has a letter in the January number, from Buffalo, I miss "Buffalo's beauty." I take you now, and though I am getting almost to manhood I enjoy you just as much as ever.

The opinions some of the English have of our glorious country and its inhabitants are often very amusing if not provoking at times.

I am your devoted reader,

"PERSEUS."

HAMILTON, CANADA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Every month I read the letters in your Letter-box, but I have never yet seen one from Ontario, Canada. Now I am sure lots of little girls in Canada read ST. NICHOLAS, and are as fond of it as I am, so I will write for all of them, and tell you how much we enjoy the lovely stories you give us. My father gave ST. NICHOLAS to me for my eighth birthday, two years ago, and I hope I shall get it every month for a long time to come. I am very much interested in "Lady Jane," and was sorry it was so soon finished. I wish Mrs. Jamison would write another story just as nice. And I also wish Marjorie's papa would tell us something more about Marjorie. His rhymes were lovely, especially "The little boy who was turned into a bird." I love funny rhymes; we often try to make them ourselves. Now I hope you will be kind enough to print this letter, not because it is worth printing, but because it comes from Canada, where you have many constant and admiring readers like

Your little friend,

AILEEN R.—

WE thank the young friends whose names follow for pleasant letters received from them: Urquhart L., Ray E. B., Otto F., H. S. H., E. C. P., Laura K., Frances A. G., Clara E. and Ruth D., George H. S., Holcombe W., Lutie M., George W. P. Jr., Lulu B., Gwendoline D., Janet and Marion, Edna N., Ellie G., Ethel L., "Polly," Esther D. S., Edith B., Ida H., Katie, Marguerite H., Grace H., Helen D., Mabel H., Ava B., Maude E. F., John A. F., George S., Ada I. H., Chloe D., Beth L., Alice C. T., Ida M. K., J. McD., Ben V., Gertrude P., James W., Oliver H. P., George S. M., Julie S. M., F. C. W., Herbert F., Lois L., Margaret H. D., Harold F., Ruth McN., Will B. S., Elden P., Nellie E. T., Rex, Anna and Ring, Doris and Dorothy D., E. W. Van S., Percy G. W., John M. F., Florence N., Anna and Eric K., Geo. L. R., Bijou, C. L. R., Ethel H. B., Mary Constance DuB., H. L. Mc., Florence S., Wren W., Alice G. H., Anna M., Annie E. M., Gladys I. M., Flossie B. B., Marguerite W., Helen B. E., Louis Victor M., Florence E. B., Esther R., C. M. P., Marion I., Alma E. R., Katharine L. McC., George W. H., Sarah and Susie B., Harry B., J. C. C., Algenia T. G., Irma A. M., Emilie M., Leonora S. M., Charles M., Rachelle G. H., Stella H., Rebecca A. B., Fleta B., Dot and Tot, Marietta B. H., Sarah L. P., Mamie L. C., Alida A. and Ethel J., Kitty and Nelly, Josephine W. B., Addie W. E., Mary M., Estelle I., Alice M. P., Mary C. and Beth T., Hubert L. B., Margaret and Marion, Anne Russell A., Annie B. R., Helen F., Mae W., E. A. C., Jeannie E. and Bettie V., "Jack," Lucilla H., Holmes R., Nellie L. D.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE APRIL NUMBER.

PRIMAL ACROSTIC. Shakespeare. Cross-words: 1. Shylock.
2. Hamlet. 3. Ariel. 4. King Lear. 5. Escalus. 6. Sebastian.
7. Pericles. 8. Egeus. 9. Antony. 10. Romeo. 11. Eglamour.

Pl. By the rude bridge that arched the flood,
Their flag to April's breeze unfurled,
Here once the embattled farmers stood,
And fired the shot heard round the world.

The foe long since in silence slept ;
Alike the conqueror silent sleeps ;
And Time the ruined bridge has swept
Down the dark stream which seaward creeps.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

RHOMBOIDS. Thumb-stall. I. Across: 1. Thumb. 2. Osier.
3. Ensue. 4. Delay. 5. Tetes. II. Across: 1. Stall. 2. Orion.
3. Matin. 4. Runes. 5. Seton.

WORD-SQUARES. 1. Cart. 2. Area. 3. Real. 4. Tale.
A PENTAGON. 1. M. 2. Led. 3. Later. 4. Metonic. 5. Denote.
6. Rites. 7. Cess.

TO OUR PUZZLERS: Answers, to be acknowledged in the magazine, must be received not later than the 15th of each month, and should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS "Riddle-box," care of THE CENTURY CO., 33 East Seventeenth St., New York City.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE FEBRUARY NUMBER were received, before February 15th, from "The Wise Five"—E. M. G.—Maud E. Palmer—Clara B. Orwig—Paul Reese—Aunt Kate, Mama and Jamie—M. Josephine Sherwood—"The McG's"—"Adirondack"—J. A. F. and J. H. C.—A. L. W. L.—Agnes and Elinor—Pearl F. Stevens—"Arcadia"—"Infantry"—Alice M. Blanke and "Tiddlywinks"—Alice M. C.—Hubert L. Bingay—May—"We Two"—Jo and I—Nellie L. Howes—Adele Walton—"Bud"—Papa and I—I-da and Alice—Helen C. McClary—"The T. Q. Musical Coterie"—Uncle Mung—"Mr. Toots"—Edith Sewall—Nellie and Reggie—Camp—I-da C. Thallon—"Charles Beaufort."

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE FEBRUARY NUMBER were received, before February 15th, from "Nifesca," L. Starr, 1—R. W. G. and M. F. G., 2—Ea M. G., 1—"Reynard," 4—Elaine Shirley, 5—R. T. Mount, 1—F. O. D., 1—Florence Osborne, 1—E. C. and C. W. Chambers, 2—Mabel H. S., 1—Mary McKittrick, 1—D. N. S. B., 1—"Miss Araminta," 4—Leonard Dashiell, 2—Katie M. W., 10—Fred, Willie, and Algar Bourne, 1—"Lady Malapert," 1—Mary H. Clark, 1—Aunt Anna and Lillie, 3—Clare D., 1—Robert A. Stewart, 8—John and Bessie G., 4—Violetta, 4—Effie K. Talboys, 6—Alice Falvey, 1—Ed and Papa, 10—Madge and Jennie, 4—Leander S. Keyser, 1—Frank C. Lincoln, 1—George and Florence J., 1—Lillian, 3—C. E. and C. W. Chambers, 1—Oscar, 1—Mrs. J. M. and Mrs. J. W. Miller, 1—Marion and Thurston, 2—M. R., 1—R. Lee Randolph, 1—Virginia Mercer, 1—Couper and Abbie, 1—"King Anso IV," 9—Minna, 2—Charlie Dignan, 10—Carrie Thacher, 7—Catherine Bell, 1—Calman, 10—Nellie Smith, 2—H. MacDougall, 1—Estelle Clarendon, and C. Ions, 4—Ellen "Meremos," 1—S. B. C. and A. R. T., 4—Grace and Nan, 9—Bernedine J. Butler, 7—Geoffrey Parsons, 5—"Three Generations," 6—"Thor and Hottentot," 2—"Nanne Cat," 1—"Cele and I," 3—Hetty J. Barrow, 3—"Six, and Two Dictionaries," 6—George Seymour, 9—Nellie Archer, 3—"We, Us, and Co.," 6—Clara and Emma, 7—May and Zen, 7—Polly, 3—"Smooch," 3—Beth and Leslie, 3—Nellie and George Perkins, 1—Laura, 1—Geo. Miller, 3—"The Society Ladies," 1—No Name, 1—Mrs. Mary Ann, 1—Mrs. Frank Cisco, 6—"The Nutshell," 5—Raymond Rondebor, 2—Edith J. Sanford, 7—"We, Us, and Company," 9—C. E. M. and M. L. M., 5—Raymond Baldwin, 1—Marcia V., 2—Bertha W. Groesbeck, 5—"Benedict and Beatrice," 5—Ruth A. Hobby, 2—Sissie Hunter, 2—C. and C. A. Southwick, 7—Alex. Armstrong, Jr., 7—"Tivoli Gang," 7—Mabel and Auntie, 2.

WORD-BUILDING. O, to, sot, host, shote, Stheno, hornets, shortens.
BEHEADINGS. Sir John Franklin. Cross-words: 1. S-crawl.
1. deal. 3. R-ye. 4. J-ounce. 5. O-range. 6. H-arbor. 7. N-umber.
8. Fray. 9. R-ace. 10. A-tom. 11. N-opal. 12. K-it. 13. L-ink.
4. I-rate. 15. N-ode.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC. Primals, United; finals, States. Cross-words:
1. Unisonous. 2. Negligent. 3. Infusoria. 4. Termagant. 5. Elaborate. 6. Decanters.

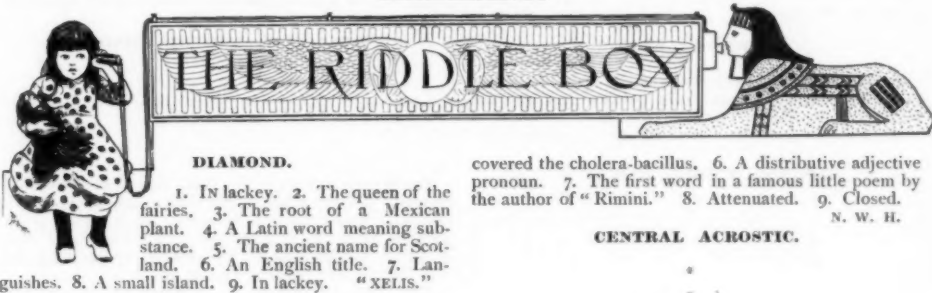
A CROSS PUZZLE. Centrals, Feast of Flowers. Cross-words:
1. Rufus. 2. Preen. 3. Glare. 4. Remonstrate. 5. Magistratic.
6. Camelopards. 7. Rifts. 8. Lifts. 9. Helot. 10. Crown.
11. Bower. 12. Creed. 13. Samaritan. 14. Christian.

DOUBLE DIAGONALS. Diagonals, Frances Burnett; from 1 to 20, Little Lord Fauntleroy. Cross-words: 1. Bailiff. 2. Authors. 3. Dorsale. 4. Linnets. 5. Lackeys. 6. Seventy. 7. Solvent.


CROSS-WORD ENIGMA. San Jacinto.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA. "Words are wise men's counters, they do but reckon by them; but they are the money of fools."

THOMAS HOBBS.



DIAMOND.



1. In lackey. 2. The queen of the fairies. 3. The root of a Mexican plant. 4. A Latin word meaning substance. 5. The ancient name for Scotland. 6. An English title. 7. Language. 8. A small island. 9. In lackey. "XELIS."

RHYMED WORD-SQUARE.

OF letters six consists the word:
A famous doubter was my *first*, we've heard;
Despaired not, my *second* says;
My *third* to rest the sleepless lays;
My *fourth* describes a portion slight;
My *fifth*, pertaining to the stars of night;
The plural of a metal hard
My *sixth* — will not your work retard.

ROCHESTER.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

MY primals and finals each name a poet; one is the author of "Rimini," the other of "Endymion."

CROSS-WORDS (of equal length): 1. A prison. 2. A musical instrument. 3. A prefix signifying half. 4. A large package or bale especially of cloves. 5. The surname of the German physician and scientist who dis-

CROSS-WORDS: 1. In monument. 2. Congregated.
3. A fruit. 4. A figure of speech. 5. A portico. 6. To wink. 7. To wish for earnestly. 8. Made into bundles.
9. Ancient. 10. Inclosed with palisades. 11. Sportive.
The central letters (indicated by stars) will spell a holiday.
"SOLOMON QUILL"



NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

I AM composed of seventy-one letters, and am a quotation from Shakspeare.

My 18-60-48 is part of the foot. My 40-51-44-68 is to sow. My 42-25-8-71 is belonging to me.

My 57-3-16-20 is a biblical name. My 33-58-29-62-5 is to redden suddenly. My 27-12-22-9 is to incite. My 30-64-1-36 is a canoe or small boat. My 46-55-53-39-32-6 is obscurity. My 50-14-7-17-24-11 is a buckler.

My 66-52-2-70-19 was the god of eloquence among the ancient Egyptians. My 13-35-59-41-65-38 is the father of Jupiter. My 21-49-4-61-26 was the national god of the Philistines. My 28-45-15-63-43-56 is the first person in the trinity of the Hindoos. My 69-54-47-37-10 is a figure often shown, bearing a globe. My 34-67-23-31 is the god of war.

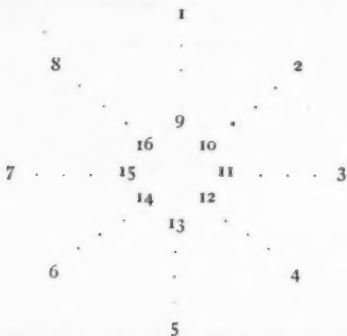
M. D.

WORD-BUILDING.

1. A VOWEL. 2. Twelve ounces. 3. Salt. 4. Final. 5. Fables. 6. Attendants on a gentleman. 7. Pertaining to the summer. 8. A carousal.

ELDRED JUNGERICH.

RIMLESS WHEEL AND HUB.



FROM 1 to 9, a tardigrade edentate mammal found in South America; from 2 to 10, a venomous reptile; from 3 to 11, a masculine name; from 4 to 12, an Italian author who died in 1856; from 5 to 13, a tumult; from

6 to 14, applause; from 7 to 15, a Shakspearean character; from 8 to 16, enormous in size or strength.

Perimeter of wheel (from 1 to 8), a German musical composer; hub of wheel (from 9 to 16), an American statesman.

"O. MISSION."

PI.

LAL bauto het finnogtes rai
Fo wen-bron nesteswes selt;
Dan eht hungratede yam-frowsel ware
Het sintt fo canoe sleshl.
Eht ldo, runisgas cramlie
Si shref sa ferotheroe;
Nad thare steak pu sit apebral
Fo file rofm thade cone romel.

HOOR-GLASS.

1. WASTES by friction. 2. A musical instrument. 3. Unmatched. 4. In hour-glass. 5. A German musical composer. 6. Concussion. 7. Loose gravel on shores and coasts.

The central letters, reading downward, will spell the surname of a naturalist born in May.

RHOMBOID AND DIAMOND.



RHOMBOID. Across: 1. Wise men. 2. A title of respect. 3. Contented. 4. An opaque substance. 5. To prevent. Downward: 1. In shred. 2. A verb. 3. An aeriform fluid. 4. A small island on the northern coast of Java. 5. Glutted. 6. To measure. 7. A small, flat fish. 8. An exclamation. 9. In shred.

INCLUDED DIAMOND. 1. In shred. 2. To obstruct. 3. Contented. 4. Converged. 5. In shred.

"SPECULA."

ZIGZAG.

EACH of the words described contain four letters. When rightly guessed and placed one below the other, in the order here given, the zigzags, from the upper left-hand corner to the lower right-hand corner, will spell the name of a battle fought in May, less than fifty years ago.

1. To stuff. 2. Part of the face. 3. A kind of nail. 4. The proper coat of the seed of wheat. 5. One of a tribe of Scythians, or Germans, who settled in Scotland. 6. An exploit. 7. A swimming and diving bird. 8. A kind of earth. 9. A stratagem. 10. A cicatrix. 11. Enormous. 12. To declare openly. 13. A species of goat. 14. A blemish. 15. To double. 16. The chief magistrate in Venice.

I THINK she has fallen asleep in the shade.
(Sing low, sing low - you'll awake her)



Oh, she's the loveliest little maid;
And her father's our family baker.

Vo

W

W

W